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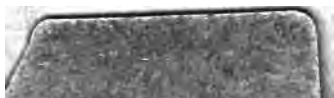
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FATAL JEST,

A TALE:

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

MOSES Y. SCOTT.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY ELAM BLISS, 208 BROADWAY.

J. Seymour, printer.

.....

1819.

East
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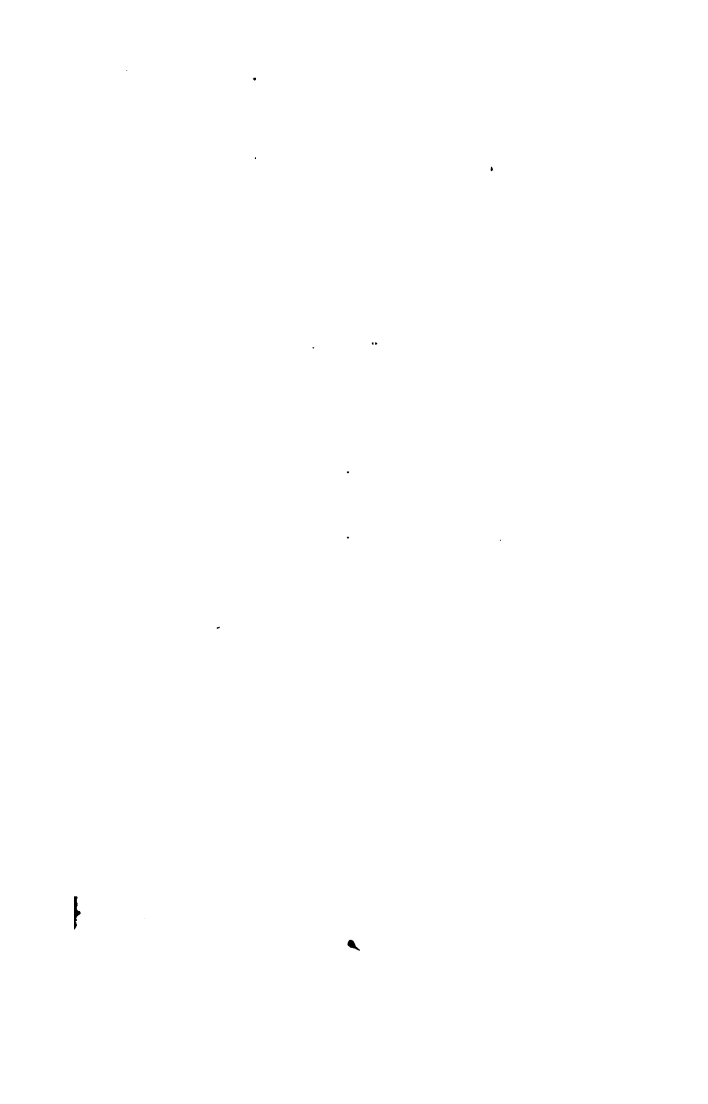


**A TALE,
SHORT EXCURSIONS.**

Translations,

AND

EPISTOLARY WRITINGS.



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FATAL JEST,

A TALE.

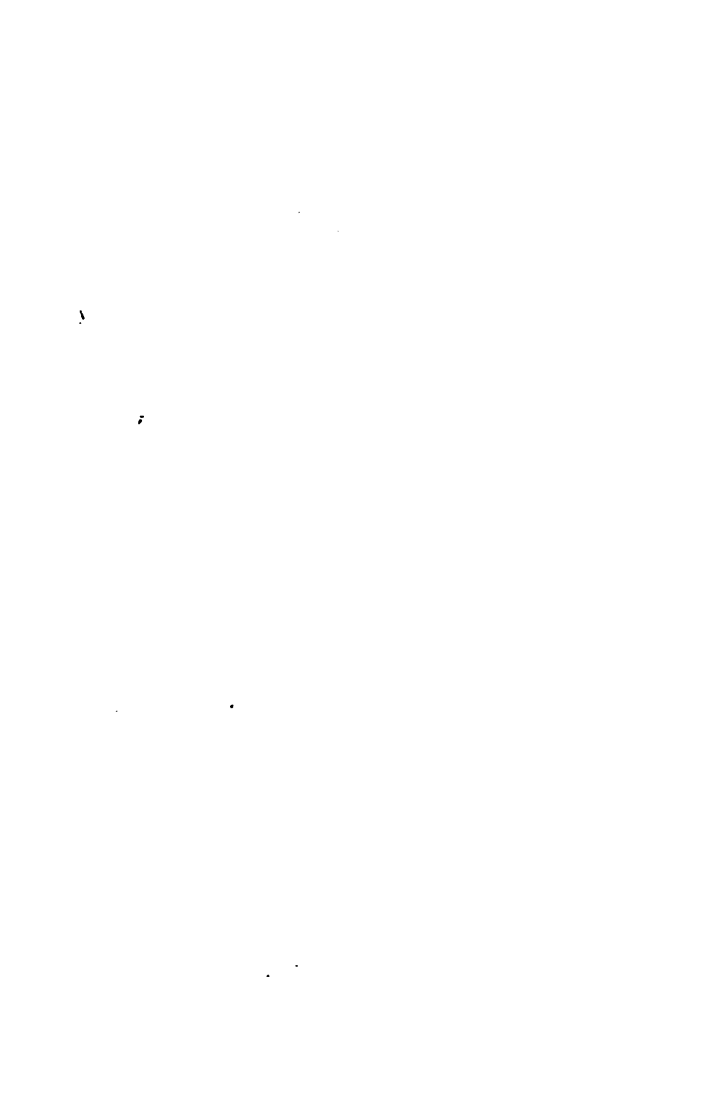
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NOTE.—FOR the LITTLE plot of the follow
piece, I am indebted to a tale related in Mi
ell's American Novel, "The Asylum; or, Alo
and Melissa."

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The scene is placed in the North of Spair



FATAL JEST.

A TALE.



I.

Who fondly seek those bright domains,
Where infant Love triumphant reigns—
Who freely rove among his flowers,
And careless slumber in his bowers—
Who drink from those pure beamy rills
That Joy's ecstatic fountain fills,
With rapture breathe the balmy air,
And find elysian sweetness there ;—
Know, that beneath Love's brightest roses,
The monster Jealousy reposes !
Beware his haunts, however sweet ;
Or, Oh ! approach with cautious feet !
Once rouse his rage, you'll strive in' vain
To lull him to repose again.

B

II.

Alonzo's heart was beating high,
The tear-drop trembled in his eye,
As forward on the prow he stood,
And overlook'd the less'ning flood ;
While near, and nearer on his view,
The scenes of home and friendship drew :—
For years were gone since War's red hand
Had led him from his native land ;
Since country's rights and glory's charms
The youthful hero call'd to arms :—
And now, from deeds of danger done—
From scenes where Fame was bravely won,
He seeks his dearer native shore,
And counts his coming transports o'er,
When welcomes kind shall greet his ear ;
And many a smile, and many a tear
Shall speak for heart-warm friends, revealing
The rapt'rous sway of wordless feeling.

III.

Now brisker blow the rising gales,
And, sounding in the flapping sails,
The vessel sweeps along the main,
Like eagle o'er the azure plain ;

That stoops with wing a-slant, then high
 Tow'rs o'er the clouds, and cuts the sky.

IV.

The port is near—Alonzo now,
 Still anxious, stooping o'er the prow,
 Watches the fleet-approaching strand,
 And, foremost, leaps upon the land.
 Now fast his eager footstep tends
 To the near mansion of his friends ;
 While many a scene his childhood knew
 And Mem'ry owns, attracts his view ;
 Yet scarce he stays to scan them o'er,
 But opens the paternal door—
 Then, Hope, the picture drawn by you
 Prov'd, in its brightest colouring, true :
 For friends, the dearest and the best,
 With eager joy around him press'd—
 A mother's tears glow on his cheek—
 A sister's eyes her transport speak—
 A father's voice applauds the son,
 For deeds of glory, bravely done—
 For oft to his proud hearing came,
 From distant wars, Alonzo's fame :
 And now, with pride and pleasure mix'd,
 His eyes are on the warrior fix'd,

To mark how bold the change that rears
The soldier's form from stripling years.

V.

But though the youth in battle sought
The strife, where boldest foemen fought,
At home, with peace and friendship bless'd
The mildest scenes he lov'd the best :
And soft affections now control
The ruder passions of his soul.
But e'er abates warm feeling's tide,
He claims his sister's ear aside,
And whispers low, that parents near
May not the bashful conference hear,
But well they see the joy that high
Is beaming from their Julia's eye,
As conscious that her brother's ear
Delights her welcome tale to hear ;
And well they guess that Helen's part,
Plead in his ear, has reach'd his heart ;
That frosts of absence could not prove
Destructive to the plants of love.

VI.

*Nor was Alonzo's early vow,
To Helen made, forgotten now ;*

13

foreign airs had fann'd the fire
led upon unquench'd desire.
In his breast, with double sway,
passion rules, nor brooks delay ;
its object bids away.
Well he knows the fairy scene,
w'd retreat, her bower of green.

VII.

Her paternal dwelling, took
its winding course, a timid brook,
(of a neighbouring grove,) that wanders
near the Main's bed, in soft meanders :
shyly, in Osier vale,
from the Sun its charms conceal,
shows by stealth his amorous face,
lingering from the Main's embrace.

VIII.

Meeting with that lovely tide,
away bends along its side,
in its willows and a shade,
taste and Taste conjointly made.
The skillful pair from Nature plann'd
their work, as aided by her hand.

Here Taste, with scorn, forbade to grow
 Th' unvaried, long, and tedious row ;
 But sought the different woodland trees;
 And bade their various order please.

IX.

Such pathway led to Helen's bower,
 Her cool resort at noon-tide hour.
 Here, soft on Ocean breezes borne,
 Health, blooming nymph, comes every morn,
 To all the grateful airs, to bring
 The odours of her balmy wing ;
 Or fling from thence a fragrant shower
 Of dews, upon the breathing bower.

X.

This smiling scene Alonzo sought ;—
 To Love and Bliss, a sacred spot,
 Where the soft green, by Nature spread,
 No rude, unhallow'd foot must tread—
 Yet, as he comes, there reach his ear,
 Like falling dews, light whisperings near,
 Borne from the bower ; till by degrees,
 They die along the languid breeze.—
He lingers still, and now can spy,
Through verdant boughs, quick gliding by!

th, of graceful form and mein
 seem'd, though not distinctly seen,
 how is lost in thickets green.
 Nature wild the cause would find,
 And of jealous thought his mind.

XI.

Hech'd the bower, and stopp'd, unseen,
 Saw the maid through myrtles green—
 Moment thus he might delay,
 Though Love should chide him for the stay—
 Moment lend both eye and ear,
 Form to scan, her voice to hear ;
 Now that voice is form'd in song,
 Words he lov'd the strains prolong.
 Not lyre, beside her laid,
 To the sounds it may not aid ;
 She, with careless air, reclines
 On seat, that straying vines
 With their leafy covering spread ;—
 Light airs, playing round her head,
 In her graceful, falling hair,
 Veil it from her bosom fair ;
 They'd to Alonzo show
 Pure remain'd the virgin snow.
 In her charms, to him appears
 Change, wrought in his absent years ;

But such a change as Morning makes,
 When in elysian groves she wakes,
 Looks o'er the hills with timid ray ;
 Then, mildly blooming, leads the day.
 Thus faintly shone her early years—
 Thus blooming now the maid appears.
 And as light dewy mists the morn
 But gently soften and adorn—
 As through them seen, its milder ray
 Outvies th' unclouded beam of day ;
 So pensive sadness, in her face,
 Needs from the banish'd smile no grace.
 To add to Beauty's potent charms,
 Or lure a lover to her arms.
 And in her voice Grief's plaintive tone,
 That Joy might proudly call his own,
 Is blended ; while her glowing song
 Flows in its flowery course along ;
 And, as to lakes soft streamlets roll,
 Pours all its raptures in the soul.

XII.

SONG.

Silent now be the warbling lyre !

For should the sleeper revive and stir
Memory then would its tones inspire,
 And Sorrow sigh upon every st

Still it shall rest in breathless slumbers—

No hand shall e'er wake its tremulous strain ;
Till he who lov'd its enlivening numbers,
Shall bid them rise into joy again.

May the dear youth, in realms afar,

Forget not ever the scenes of home !—
Soon, Oh ! soon, from the toils of war,
Honour'd and bless'd, may the hero come !

Oh ! then shall Sorrow no longer measure,
To hearts that are sighing, the draught of pain ;
But each shall cherish reviving Pleasure,
When Hope, there faded, shall bloom again.

XIII.

The strains decay, in fall as dear,

As ever lover sigh'd to hear—

Oh ! with what rapture glow'd the youth,

To see her constancy and truth !—

Impatient, from the screening shade,

He rushed to meet the faithful maid.

His martial garb, to Helen's thought,

The stranger rude with terrors brought ;

But, instant, when on nearer view,

Alonzo's eye she met and knew ;

Such wild surprise disturbs her charms,
 She fades and fainting finds his arms.
 While thus the lovely burthen press'd,
 In senseless swoon, his troubled breast;
 Ere the light breezes could dispense
 The glow, that joins returning sense ;
 A voice was heard, that from the shade,
 In murmurs and in curses stray'd
 Then " Let the treacherous fair," it said,
 " To yon intruder's arms, resign
 " The charms, by sacred promise mine !
 " Yet injured Love's revengeful zeal
 " The daring rival soon may feel."

XIV.

Alonzo heard ; but still his mind
 Was all to Helen's state inclined ;
 Till, by his tender cares, again
 Sense in her soul resumed its reign ;
 And to her cheek, by silent stealth,
 Came roses of reviving health :
 And then forgot was each rude word,
 From the offending stranger heard ;
 While the bless'd pair the moment own
 That saw them meet their happiest known
And many a sigh, or smile, or tear,
That Love might choose as then most

Mark'd the relation of the past—
Of painful absence—o'er at last.

XV.

The muse might faintly tell, how fly,
With rapture wing'd, their minutes by ;
Till bending tow'rds his western bower,
The Sun proclaims their parting hour.
And then, with slow, reluctant feet—
With promise soon again to meet—
With word, or token, that may prove
The constant ardour of their love,
They part—and though Alonzo's way
'Mid Nature's fairest scenery lay,
Still, as his steps are homeward bending,
His thoughts are ever backward tending.

XVI.

Those beauties still he clearly view'd—
And then approach'd that greeting rude
Of stranger voice that harshly came,
Mingled with jealousy and blame—
Though all unseen, from whence arose
Threaten'd revenge, and murmur'd woes.
“ What can this mean ?” He paus'd awhile—
“ *Could Beauty's soft, bewitching smile*

" And converse dear bid thus depart
 " All doubt from a confiding heart ?—
 " She must be false as fair.—The thought
 " Is with a fiery anguish fraught—
 " I'll know the worst !—yet *that* I hear,
 " And doubt the witness of my ear—
 " But soft—here comes who may explain,
 " And clear the doubt—if doubt remain—
 " My sister—Wherefore here ?" he said,
 And soon approach'd the graceful maid—
 Of tall and slender form and fair ;
 But wild and sportive as the air.
 With sound good sense, her playful mind
 Lov'd the light jest of harmless kind ;
 And friends, however near or dear,
 Found oft that harmless mirth severe.
 Yet she was kind, and never form
 So fair could boast a heart more warm ;
 Nor one that would more faithful prove,
 In friendship or confiding love.

XVII.

Now, in her airy mood and gay,
 She joins her brother on his way,
 And seeks, by many a playful wile,
 His brow, of sadness to beguile
 And kindle there the dearer smile.

But, when he names, in serious mood,
 The cause of his inquietude,
 With graver air the maid replies—
 “ Let not my tale too much surprise !
 “ Nor, causeless let my brother be
 “ The subject of dark jealousy—
 “ But hear and judge—I know for truth,
 “ There is a fair Italian youth,
 “ Of person rare ; but humble name,
 “ Who on some private mission came
 “ To Helen’s sire—and though I knew
 “ The cause, his steps that hither drew ;
 “ ’Twere vain to learn at whose behest
 “ He should so long remain their guest ;
 “ But much the youth the sire approves—
 “ And some have said—the daughter loves—
 “ But this I held an empty tale,
 “ As idle as the passing gale ;
 “ Until the witness of my eyes,
 “ If not belief, has wrought surprise.—
 “ Seldom approaches twilight hour,
 “ But, on the path to yonder bower,
 “ I mark that pair pass slowly by,
 “ Or hand in hand stand lingering nigh :
 “ But what their words, however near,
 “ From whispers low, I may not hear—

" But this, and all 'tis mine to see
 " May, yet, of slighter import be,
 " Than should give food to jealousy.
 " Then, be not rash ; but justly try
 " The cause, with your own ear and eye—
 " At twilight, hour to lovers dear,
 (" And that soft hour will soon be near,)
 " Approach yon shaded path, and there,
 " Behold the false or faithful fair !
 " Or, in the shade of evening, go,—
 " There, thou shalt see them both and kn
 " By thine own senses, Truth's pure light
 " And should its rays divine and bright,
 " From Helen every mist dispel,
 " Then shall thy pains prove more than we
 " Suspicion dark by Truth removed,
 " Makes brighter, far, the object loved—
 " The sun, just burst from clouds on high
 " With double splendour lights the sky."

XVIII.

She said ; but saying, little knew
 What harm her words had power to do ;
 Rousing a passion fierce and fell—
 Oh ! had she known her brother well,
 Nor deem'd no change, in years of strife,
He meets who leads the soldier's life,

23

ever thus had waked a fire,
no light drops can bid expire.

XIX.

ars her words ; and, as he hears,
scarcely altered look, appears
fix'd, and silent, while within,
rurs Revenge, dark child of Sin.
e, uncontroll'd, while train'd to arms,
er had learn'd, in war's alarms,
eady, calm, determined course ;
ike th' unruly cataract's force,
uous drove—And now that soul
ot to Reason's calm control.
at his love, and deep and strong ;
Vengeance, for deceit and wrong,
ep, as ardent, well may find
ne, in that ungovern'd mind.

XX.

in the west, descending Day,
failing age, slow fades away ;
following soon, the queen of night
from the east, in car of light,
ing her pure, soft, silvery beams,
every star diminish'd gleams.

Seldom appears to mortal eye
 So clear, so pure, so sweet a sky—
 Seldom so fair the nearer scenes
 Of youthful groves and blooming greens,
 And dewy fields, diffusing balm—
 While Ocean's slumber, Nature's calm
 Give no prophetic signs that near
 Are deeds of hate, revenge, or fear.

XXI.

In a tall Elm's gigantic shade,
 By the scarce-slanted moon-beam made—
 Wrapp'd in a mantle dark and wide,
 The soldier's glittering garb to hide—
 Alonzo came, and silent sought
 The lone, and the appointed spot ;
 Too well assured of finding there
 A rival youth and faithless fair.

XXII.

He reach'd the path, and dimly hid
 Young trees and rising shrubs amid,
 Waits, till low voices reach his ear—
 And now a youth and maid appear.
'Tis Helen—Though the full moon's ray
Was check'd by branches on its way,

Its scatter'd pearl still made her known ;
 And, as upon the youth it shone,
 Foreign attire and graceful mien
 With form of elegance were seen—
 The dark-blue robe, in airy fold,
 Fell from the vest that shone with gold—
 Wav'd o'er his brow a plume of pride—
 A dagger glitter'd at his side.

XXIII.

Soon they approach and stop so near,
 The list'ner may each accent hear ;
 But may not now distinctly mark
 Their forms ; for, sudden, rising dark,
 With pinion broad, an eastern cloud
 Wrapp'd the fair moon in sable shroud,
 And still extending wide and far,
 The twinkling hid of many a star ;
 Still growing, darkening, from the eye
 It soon excludes the whole vast sky.
 But, yet, of fairest scenes, the change,
 Tho' dark, prophetic, sudden, strange,
 Claim'd no attention from a mind
 That sudden, dark revenge design'd.

XXIV.

Distinctly now Alonzo's ear
 The stranger's proffer'd love can hear ;
 While with kind speech the maid replies—
 “ Few be my words ; for dark'ning skies
 “ Bid us begone—and we must go—
 “ Yet, ere our parting, thou shalt know,
 “ My heart is thine—but Oh ! this hand
 “ Thy rival only may command—
 “ 'Tis his by many a sacred vow,
 “ And may not be recover'd now—
 “ But when I share his wealthy lot,
 “ (His wealth my sire has ne'er forgot,
 “ Nor name in arms,) then, tho' my fate
 “ Bids love be feign'd where reigns but hate,
 “ Still thou, most to my bosom dear !
 “ Shalt in my private walks be near ;
 “ And oft alone, unseen, we'll prove
 “ The husband's wrong the right of Love.”

XXV.

She said, and instant thro' the shade,
 This greeting came—“Die, treach'rous maid!”—
 One feeble shriek alone replied—
Her blood Alonzo's dagger dyed—

So rash, so sudden was the deed,
 There was but time to shriek and bleed—
 “ Perfidious youth ! thou too shalt feel
 “ The vengeance due thy coward zeal—
 “ No words ! but draw !—Speech less will aid
 “ A villain’s cause, than will his blade”—

XXVI.

To speak, the stranger strives—in vain—
 Deep struggles in his breast retain
 In strangled voice, the half-form’d word—
 He draws—but on Alonzo’s sword
 Defenceless falls !—Down on the heath
 He sinks, and in his dying breath,
 Flow free his words—“ Alonzo—live !
 “ And Oh ! this FATAL JEST forgive !
 “ The crime that all thy fury drove,
 “ Against—thy Sister and thy Love—

XXVII.

“ Behold them slain—both, slain—by thee !
 “ And could so rash my brother be ?—
 “ We would have given a moment’s pain,
 “ The pledge of ten-fold joy again—
 “ Thy Helen—ne’er was saint more true
 “ To holy rite, than she to you—

“ Oh ! I was weak, and deem’d thee mild,
 “ And calm, as when thou wert a child—
 “ Yet think not, thee I would upbraid !—
 “ Mine was the wrong so dearly paid—
 “ I sought thy blade ;—for what to me
 “ Were life ? when I must hateful be,
 “ To friends, and to myself—and—thee ?—
 “ Yet, live thou ! for our parents live !—
 “ Forget thy Love ! and me forgive !—”

XXVIII.

More she would say ; but failing breath
 Resigns her to the arms of Death.—
 Alonzo heard her words—in vain—
 Reason had fled his tortured brain,
 Ere she in death had closed her eyes—
 And now, away the maniac flies ;
 To distant forests wild and rude,
 To seek their deepest solitude.

XXIX.

There, oft emerging from the woods,
 To savage rocks and roaring floods,
 Tells all his guilt and all his woes—
 And, when tired Nature claims repose,

In some lone cavern dark and deep,
 On the cold earth he tastes of sleep ;
 While wildering dreams still haunt him there,
 And gloomy visions of despair.
 But though of Reason's power hereft,
 Remorse and Sorrow still are left.
 And when at midnight hour he walks,
 And with some gloomy spirit talks—
 While sighs are heard along the air,
 And hollow moans the breezes bear—
 A calm holds o'er his looks control,
 Though wild the strayings of his soul.

XXX.

Long thus he wanders, strange, unknown,
 Until, by soothing kindness won,
 He seeks the walks of fellow-men,
 And Reason's light returns again—
 Returns ; but 'tis with partial glow—
 Remembrance sad of guilt and wo
 Comes wild at times ;—till clear and bright,
 A purer, dearer, heavenly light
 Beams in his soul's deep dark recesses,
 Wakes consolation there, and blesses
 With that best hope which points sublime
 To joys beyond the sway of Time—
 That light, by saving Mercy given,
Reveals the path from Earth to Heaven.



SHORT EXCURSIONS.

INVOCATION TO SPRING.

E, breathing Spring, inspiring season, come!
et wintry clouds before thy presence fly!
to our snowy plains a floral bloom,
right as thy smiles, that beam along the sky.

ear—descend! we wait thy gladd'ning
power—
ach field with verdure crown, with shade
each grove—
ringe the Willow—give the Elm a bower,
or his retreat, whose muse would wake to
love.

ile the wild notes of Nature's warblers rise,
o hail thee welcome to their quiet scenes—
ile roses blush with hues of Summer skies,
and dews of Heaven melt soft on smiling
greens;

Then most enlivening is the minstrel lay—
 Then Music's tones the raptur'd sense control—
 Then Beauty's eye beams its divinest ray—
 Then Love, most potent, triumphs o'er the soul.

E'en Sorrow's thought can thy return beguile
 Of half its gloom, and yield a cheering glow—
 Nor shall the cheek of Care refuse a smile,
 Nor e'en sad Melancholy's pensive brow.

No longer, then, to bless our clime delay !
 Let thy soft rays in fields of azure shine—
 O'er wood and vale, extend thy cheering sway,
 And breathe in Nature's soul one joy divine.

TO MISS *****,

On receiving from her a present of some Apples.

THE lovely gift before me lies—
 Could I a fairer bounty crave,
 Than this sweet, melting, dewy prize,
 The fragrant apples that you gave ?—

Yet fairer shine, on spotless youth,
 Whose thoughts to purity are given,
 Fair Virtue's dews—the sweets of Truth—
 Their fragrance reaches Heaven.

SLANDER.

WHEN, erst, with impious control,
 To sway the rude and deperate soul
 Misanthropy began,
 He sought, amidst her noxious bowers,
 Pale Envy, whose malignant powers
 The most could injure man.

The wither'd witch of hateful deeds
 Stretch'd on a bed of poisonous weeds,
 Mumbling a curse, he found—
 Her bower was baneful Hemlock's shade—
 The ven'mous vine that o'er it stray'd
 Sicken'd the air around.

There,—where unholy sights appear'd,
 Where goblin voices shrill were heard,
 Mingled with serpents' hisses ;
 Where insects foul their venom drew
 From spotted herbs, whose fatal dew
 Hangs on the adder's kisses—

There, with the sorceress in her shade,
 The tall, grim fiend his time delay'd,
 . ('Twas Fate's relentless doom,)

Till, to that hellish pair, the Earth
 Ow'd Demon Slander's sinful birth,
 Who grew in Stygian gloom.

And grown, of either parent's soul
 Possess'd, and bearing their control,
 He wing'd his eager way
 To sacred Friendship's bless'd domain,
 Taught Hatred to dispute his reign,
 And break his happy sway.

Since then, the world his deeds may tell—
 In scenes where Peace was pleas'd to dwell,
 Her Olive he destroys ;
 Slays wantonly her gentle dove,
 Breaks the untasted cup of Love,
 And poisons social joys.

His breath obscures the fairest name,
 Involves in mists the brightest fame,
 Or tarnishes its gold—
 The stranger must his influence feel—
 If great his merit, warm the zeal
 That makes Detraction bold.

But Time shall roll the clouds away
 From Truth's full sun, whose heavenly
Shall clear each shrouded name :

Then Slander, though infernal born,
 Shall flee before the hiss of Scorn,
 Beneath the weight of Shame.



EDWIN TO JULIA,

On seeing her embrace a young girl.

RAY, Julia!—'Tis very ungentle in you
 To give rosy Ellen such tender embraces ;
 'hile I am so near who can *relish* the dew
 Of those lips, that might rival the lips of the
 graces.

d fain be your nursling ; but never can share
 he cradle I love with the rival that's there !—
 ay—in Ellen 'tis wantonness, thus to be stealing
 'hat I've *felt* to be mine, and she takes without
 feeling.

hus, while Zephyr in amorous languor reposes—
 When from gardens an offering of fragrance
 he meets—
 'hile he sighs on the bosoms of young blushing
 roses,
 The luxurious Bee will come in for his sweets.

Now, while I am the Zephyr, and you my sweet
flower,

Let's banish young Ellen, the Bee, from our
bower !

For Bees have their honey, and need not the dew—
So has Ellen her lips, without kisses from you.



ODE TO THE NIGHTMARE.

HAIL, you visionary fiend !
You, who on my couch attend—
Source of all my sleeping wo—
And too oft—my waking foe !—
One kind deed at least you owe me ;
For the num'rous wrongs you show me—
Think how from the dizzy edge
Of some rocky, cloud-capt ledge,
You have hurl'd me, without thought,
If 'twould break my bones or not :—
Led me into robber bands,
Bade them strike—and held my hands—
Plac'd me on the steeple's ball ;
Left me there—to cling or fall—
Bound me hand and foot, and then
Shut me in the lion's den—

Hung me o'er a rocky way,
Icicles my only stay—
Left me in a leaden boat,
Far from shore—to sink or float—
Think how oft in a balloon
You have borne me tow'rds the moon,
Into clouds that, black and high,
Frown'd along the stormy sky ;
Till the lightnings, hail, and thunder,
Tore my flying globe asunder ;
Rigging, gas, and car, and ball,
Blaze at once, to light my fall.
Now, for all these terrors know,
You to me one favour owe !
Grant it ; and I'll praise you more,
Than I have curs'd your sway before.—
Fly to yonder miser's bed !
Put it in his sordid head,
That you'll glare upon his rest,
Till he'll ope his iron chest,
Fifty pounds on me bestow,
And prevent the threaten'd wo—
Tell him this, and then pursue it !
Haunt his slumbers till he'll do it !—
E'en the tale to him will be
What the *Nightmare* is to me.

TO MISS ***** , AGED 14.

WHEN glows thy cheek with soft confusion,
 At wanton Flattery's gilded strain ;
 O cherish not the fair delusion—
 Though brightly fair, 'tis falsely vain !—

Lose not, for some illusive vision,
 A real, more substantial treasure !—
 Dream not, on earth, of scenes elysian ;
 But know the bounds of human pleasure !

For home-born joys, if fond affection
 Instruct thee Nature to obey,—
 How soft, how dear the retrospection !
 At beauty's close and life's decay.



LINES,

*On returning from a visit to a gentleman'
 seat on the banks of the Hudson.*

ROMANTIC retreat ! so delightful and wild
 Were thy scenes, when their beauties I
 survey'd,

That, tho' into rapture my heart was beguil'd,
 My muse, charm'd to silence, refus'd me her
 aid.

Yet cold were the heart, and to feeling untrue,
 That a tribute of song would reluctantly yield ;
 Where Nature's his own ; where at one ample
 view,
 The wild and the sweet and sublime are reveal'd.

Not Romance herself has e'er given to view
 A prospect more grand, than the woodlands
 that rise
 From Hudson's bold wave to the mountains of blue,
 Whose summits blend soft and unseen with
 the skies.

And, scene of repose ! not the distant alone
 Can please and inspire ; but thy objects more
 near,
 The rude and the soft, as alternately shown,
 Make thee to admirers of Nature most dear.

But though wild are thy groves, and though
 smiling thy greens,
 Though thy streams murmur soft, and thy
 flowers bloom fair,

Yet, lovelier far, than thy loveliest scenes,
Is the kind Hospitality resident there.

Then, happiest spot, be thou ever replete
With charms that the purest of pleasures
can yield !

To those who have chosen thy favour'd retreat
Unbosom the blessings from grandeur
ceal'd.



LINES WRITTEN AT A WEDDING

FAIR Bride, be thine, this blissful night,
Joys, yet unknown ; but sweet as new !—
Soft, from your eyelids, young Delight
Shall steal each drop of slumberous dew.

And, favour'd youth, for whom alone,
Bloom'd this fair rose in Hymen's bower
Oh ! touch with gentle hand your own !—
Press soft its sweets—but—spare the flower

And may you both find Hope as true,
As is her present aspect fair !—
Be yours the joys that Eden knew,
When youthful Love was foster'd there

A PROSPECT OF SLAVERY.

.....THE traveller stood,
 Where on his view a wide plantation spread—
 But 'twas a prospect that inspir'd with dread.
 And should the landscape's various scenes delight
 While Slavery blends its horrors with the sight ?
 Of Afric's sons, there toils a wretched band
 Beneath a pallid despot's scourging hand.
 His lash resounds, and far along the plain,
 Float on the breeze responsive groans of pain.—
 There, weeps the youth from filial bosoms torn—
 There, sever'd from their offspring, parents mourn
 The husband to his lov'd companion true—
 The wife, who once a fond protector knew—
 Fraternal friends, each other's good who priz'd,
 Their pleasures shar'd, their sorrows sympathiz'd;
 At once, of kindred, country, friends, bereft—
 And Hope, beyond the main with Freedom left—
 There meet one doom, vile luxury to gorge,
 Toil in the sun, and groan beneath the scourge :
 Draw from Affliction's breezes ev'ry breath—
 Their prospect misery, and their refuge death.

Ye tyrants, say, (who, for all-conquering gold,
 Betray'd yon wretches and to misery sold.)

Could ye, presumptuous, hope to be forgiven?
 Say, dar'd you lift your impious eyes to Heaven?
 Lest the fierce sun with vengeance arm each ray
 And pour destructive tortures with the day?—
 Say, then, were Heaven's just judgments all forgot!
 And for your wives and daughters, fear'd ye not?
 When you yon females from their guardians tore,
 And to the groaning ship the victims bore.

Ye, who support a traffic, shameful, vile,
 That fills with heirs of wretchedness your isle;
 Is it for you to hold despotic sway
 O'er fellow mortals of an equal clay?
 Yes, *fellow men!* your natural *equals* form'd!
 Fir'd with each passion, with each ~~virtue~~ *virtue* warm'd
 Fraternal griefs their hearts to *pity* move—
 Warm is their *gratitude*, extreme their *love*.
 And—stung by venom'd injuries—'twere stran-
 If feeling *these*, they could not feel revenge.—
 Cramp'd is that passion, pent the fire which it
 Burst sudden forth, to Freedom burn its way
 As when it rag'd on Hayti's dreadful plain,
 And giant Slavery, howling cross'd the mai

But Vengeance* sleeps, perchance you so
 deem—

Wary that sleep, and bloody every dream

* “*Of sleeping Vengeance, rous'd at last.*”

Dread the event, when Heaven's nocturnal blast
Shall rouse the monster terrible at last.



A FAREWELL

On leaving affectionate friends.

FAREWELL ! Oh Heaven ! how painful is the word !
That bids adieu to heart-warm friends like these.
Not those alone whose more than generous kind-
ness

Has chang'd my fair hopes into sun-beams all,
To gild the objects that they glance upon ;—
But those dear tender friends, in whose young
minds,

While Reason's flower seems only in the bud,
Friendship's appears matur'd, in fullest bloom.
Ye, whom I love so much, with so much cause,
Words are too weak to tell you what I feel—
Farewell—and let your hearts divine the rest.

TO A LADY,

On seeing her place a young flower in her bosom

WHEN, Lady, on your floral walk,
 You saw this rose-gem dewy rise,
 And swept it from its parent stalk,*
 To fix its stem in *Paradise* ;—
 Forgot you then your fondest care
 Could not display its beauties there ?

Should it expand as fair as light,
 'Tis lost in the surrounding white ;
 Or should it spread in crimson flush,
 Above, there is a lovelier blush—
 Though fragrance hover on its bloom,
 What is it to thy lips' perfume ?—
 If dew-drops on its leaves appear,
 Can they compare with Beauty's tear ?

Ah, no ! If flower can ever blow
 In regions of perpetual snow,
 Forget not that your fondest care
 Cannot display its beauties there.

* " *I swept that flower from Judah's stalk.*"

POCAHONTAS.

RUDE was the storm, and her fallen hair
Stream'd in the gale from her bosom bare ;
As alone, through the forest's blacken'd shade,
On errand of fear came the Indian maid.

Wild was her look ; but her eye was bright
With the melting beam of **Mercy's** light—
Her speech was hurried ; but kindness hung
On the accents bland of her warning tongue.

“ White men, beware of Havoc's sweep !
He is wak'd in the forest, from sullen sleep—
He would drink your blood, in a guardless hour,
And your wives and slumbering babes devour.”—

“ Beware!—for, the tempest, chain'd so long,
Shall burst to-night, in its fury strong—
The trees must root them against its sway,
And their branches cling, or be scatter'd away!”

● “ The fire shall rage ; for, the breeze is blowing—
“ The smoke rolls hither—the flames are glowing ;
They climb the hills ; to the vales they spread—
The night is black ; but the forest is red.”



“ White men, beware !—And when at last,
 Your fears are dead, and your dangers past,
 Shall the voice of the warner be e'er betray'd?—
 Shall white men forget the Indian maid ?”



WRITTEN

On a blank leaf of T. Moore's works.

THE page by some spirit of rapture inspir'
 With the leaves of my choice folded *thus* I ha
 sent ;

But if I had mark'd every leaf I admir'd,
 Not one in the volume had reach'd you unb

For this book is a garden where Fancy &
 bloom
 To bright flowers, that never shall langu
 fall—

The soul of Anacreon they breathe for per
 And the praises of Beauty are dews for the

NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS.

*Written for the Carrier of the Albany Argus,
1819.*

OLD Time, who stops the human breath,
Put, yesterday, the year to death ;
And Custom says, we may repay
His crime, by killing him to-day.
The news-boy, therefore, to this end,
Begs the attention of each friend—

How looks the world this New-Year's day ?—
Peace still o'er Europe holds her sway.
Great Britain knows no other wars
Than scribbling frays and classic jars ;
Italy, Spain, no bloodier deeds
Than saying mass and counting beads—
Unless his Holiness, the Pope,
Within the Inquisition's scope
Has brought, with tortures to reward,
Some that his late bull disregard—
Or Spain should all indignant urge
That Ferdinand still wields his scourge—
Unless some storm is gaining birth,
To sweep that monster from the earth ;

Whose bigot life and tyrant reign
 Have cost the richest blood of Spain ;
 And whose ungrateful hand, alone
 Gives death and torture for a throne.

The French, to Peace return her smiles ;
 Yet think upon *Atlantic isles*—
 And there are some would ope their veins
 For what one rocky isle contains.
 But, right or wrong, 'tis clear that now
 The diadem's on Bourbon's brow ;
 Though they've dismiss'd its guardian bail
 By thousands, for their native lands.

Russia's vast realm may tell the earth
 To look at Alexander's worth ;
 And not to blame him, though he's told
 By exiles, that Siberia's cold.

Whate'er the other states disclose,
 One general blessing Europe knows :
 Each fertile plain and spreading shore
 Is stain'd with battle's dye no more—
 But War, with his destructive train,
 Is seen beyond the western main.
 Where Chimborazo, towering high,
Beholds his bloody banners fly—

Beholds, too, many a shameful deed—
 The captive basely doom'd to bleed—
 And, darkly, from his cloudy height,
 Frowns on the vile, inhuman sight.

But, yet, we trust, ere Plata's flood
 Shall deeply know the dye of blood,
 Another New-Year's morn will see
 Those spacious realms in liberty—
 Then may the patriots, bless'd by Peace,
 Bid Science, Virtue, Arts, increase !
 May they, who foreign fetters broke,
 Wear no domestic tyrant's yoke !
 But find among their chieftains, one
 To guide them like a WASHINGTON !
 Then in their states shall shine, reveal'd,
 Each blessing Liberty can yield.
 Let Darien, like a giant, stand,
 A continent in either hand ;
 That mighty grasp shall then combine
 Realms, that with every glory shine.—

And while, to our expecting eyes,
 Young states in southern climes arise,
 To grow, and imitate our own
 In every art to Genius known ;

May we th'example still display,
 And, in improvements, lead the way!—
 E'en now, how glorious is our clime!
 Grown powerful, noted scarce by Time.
 So vast, so mighty, and so young,
 It seems a world from chaos sprung.—
 But, yet, with all her rising fame,
 One blot is on Columbia's name:
 That still the *slave* is doom'd to toil
 On *Liberty's* fair, chosen soil—
 That vessels, to our harbours brought,
 With victims of base traffic fraught,
 Are still encourag'd to explore,
 With views accurs'd, the golden shore.
 May Justice check, with potent hand,
Slavery's rude growth on *Freedom's* land.
 Though foul this blot, though deep its stain,
 Which others may reproach, in vain;
 Yet all the favours Heaven's high hand
 Has scatter'd o'er our happy land
 May well our gratitude command.

Behold the change Improvement's wrought,
 In realms, but late with darkness fraught!
 Where the vast forests frown'd in gloom;
 Luxuriant fields and gardens bloom!—
 Learning and Virtue fill the place,
 Where the rude savage held the chase—

And where the heathen chose to roam,
 Christianity has found a home.
 Nor shall Comparison, our state
 Below her favour'd sisters rate !—
 Here Commerce brings her varied stores,
 And wafts rich treasures from our shores—
 Here, to reward the labourer's toil,
 Fair harvests rise from richest soil—
 And prais'd be each who aid imparts,
 Exalting Agriculture's arts !
 And chiefly *He*, whose ruling hand
 Marks out improvements in our land.
 That spacious work shall soon be done—
 So vast in use—so late begun,—
 The GRAND CANAL, upon whose tide
 The riches of the West shall ride,
 To fill the harbours, swell the stores
 Extended on bold Hudson's shores.—
 And Hudson yet may *yield* a tide,
 O'er which deep-freighted ships shall ride,
 And boldly in the breezes bear,
 To grace Albania's harbour fair,

But lest the news-boy should intrude,
 With some few words he will conclude—
 Though they who *salmagundi* eat
 May like this dish of different meat,

He hopes that, season'd with good wishes,
 'Twill pass with *all* 'mong common dishe
 And his first wish begs leave to name ;
 Which is for our fair City's fame,
 Where morals to good order tend,
 And theatres in churches end.
 May every youth that's idle here,
 Schools more than oyster-shops revere !—
 May, without taxing banks to aid,
 A lateral canal be made !—
 May lottery-folks still keep their eyes
 Till days of drawing, from the prize !
 Unlike some rogues, before secure
 What *numbers* they had best *ensure*—
 May horse-racing and gambling ne'er,
 'Mong high or low, find vot'ries here !—
 May all, in good New-England way,
 Remember still Thanksgiving day !
 And may the coming year be pass'd,
 With all the blessings of the last.

*N. B. I avoid explaining, in marginal not
 any circumstances referred to in the foregoi
 address ; presuming that this book will ne
 go far enough from home to render it nec
 sary.*

UPON A BED OF GREEN.

UPON a bed of green
 Appear'd two lovely flowers*,
 Still smiling bright and sheen ;
 Refresh'd by vernal showers.
 And while they blush'd upon the view,
 A tender bud beneath them grew†.—
 That bud in beauty grew ;
 While they were o'er it bending,
 To yield their fostering dew,
 In drops of crystal blending ;—
 But e'er in Zephyr's breath it blew,
 A canker snatch'd it from their view !—
 Those flowerets, once so sheen,
 No longer smile together :
 Upon that bed of green,
 They languish now and wither :
 But though their bloom is chang'd to pale,
 Still floats their fragrance on the gale.

* “ *Two flowers upon one slender spray.* ”

† “ *There sprung a little bud between..* ”

A VISION.

Beneath a Willow, waving fair,
 In mood of pensiveness I lay,
 Invoking warm the Muses' care,
 While o'er the harp my hand should stray;
 When sudden, clad in vesture bright,
 A form of vision met my sight.

Such sylvan queen of fairy band
 Ne'er met my ravish'd glance before;
 But chief my wonder that her hand
 A gaily plum'd tiara bore:
 And on its front a gem, whose ray
 Might well eclipse the star of day.

"Deluded youth!" the phantom said—
 "Why waste thy thought in vain desire?
 "Or, why invoke the sylvan shade
 "Some theme divine to lend thy lyre?—
 "Know, that till thou this crest may claim,
 "Thy song can never mount to fame.

"'Tis what immortal bards have worn,
 "When, erst, they flung aloft such lay!
 "As still, through time triumphant borne
 "Drown the faint lyre of modern d

And minstrel still, who this may wear,
Alone shall sing through time afar.

Know,—since thy heart is beating high
“ To wake thy lyre in numbers free,—
The guardian of thy song am I,
“ Who grant this airy plume to thee ;—
But this rich gem thou may'st not wear ! ”—
He said—and mingled with the air.

My spell was o'er, the phantom gone ;
Who, for the *poet's diadem*,
Had left me Fancy's plume* alone,
Denying Erudition's gem ;
That gem, whose rays, so purely bright,
Oppose the critic's glance with double light.

SEDUCTION.

*Supposed to be written by an unfortunate
Mother.*

THOU, who lament some friend most dear,
Whom adverse Fate denied to save !—

Perhaps even this present would not have been mine,
If the above production been less juvenile.

Come shed with me a sorrowing tear
On lost Lavinia's grave.

And if maternal fondness move
Your heart, a sad relief I know ;—
For, one who feels a mother's love
Can share a mother's wo.

The fountain-wave, that knows no stain,
By some resistless hand is drawn ;
Till, falling in the briny main,
Its purity is gone :

Thus, by Seduction led away,
Falls the undoubting virgin mind !—
And thus to dark Oblivion's sea
The wanderer is consign'd—

'Twas thus, my only hope, beguil'd,
A sad, a lone, lost victim prov'd—
Oh !—not to guilt !—my ruin'd child
Confided where she lov'd !

Yet I could soon forget the day
When first my darling I caress'd,
Had Death untimely snatch'd away
The infant from my breast :—

But 'tis a deep, a cureless wo,
 That wakes a mother's sorrows wild ;
 When base Seduction gives the blow,
 That robs her of her child.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

Lines addressed to Miss Little.

I KNOW *a Little*—would know that *Little* better—
 I write *a Little*—charm'd with every letter—
 I sing *a Little* ; can but *Little* sing ;—
 My muse hath but *a Little* on her wing—
 I love *a Little*—Is that *Little* vain ?
 Deserving *Little, Little* if I gain ?

EDWIN TO ELIZA,

On her Birth-Day, May 1st.

LOVELY flowers adorn the valley,
 On ~~the~~ Hudson's verdant side ;

But the loveliest flower has rarely
Spread its fragrance o'er the tide.

Ties of Nature closely bound it
To the stalk on which it grew :
Where the green-leaves, spreading round
Drank the morning's purest dew.

Breathing *May*, thy fairest treasure
Eagerly I sought to win !
Oh ! to gain it was a pleasure—
Heaven would not indulge me in.

Thou, the fairest vernal flower
Of the valley's blooming train !
I would take thee to my bower—
But—for thee, I sigh in vain !

For the fates do from me sever
Joys that seem'd design'd for me.
They deny my bosom, ever,
What it fondly sigh'd for—thee.

Though a lively hope I cherish'd
Thee, at last, to call my own ;
Though, alas ! that hope is perish'd—
Perish'd in cold Fortune's frown—

Loveliest of the valley flowers !

Still, one prayer I breathe for you—
May the Heavens, in tender showers,
Weep on thee their choicest dew !

In the breeze, thy fragrance swelling,
Still in beauty may'st thou shine !—
In the valley's bosom dwelling,
Thou art ne'er forgot in mine.



ON THE YELLOW FEVER.

Written at New-York, September, 1819.

WHAT dreaded form has Fate despatch'd to bring
Thy summons, thou, the grave's relentless king?
Or hast thou, Death, to add to parting woes,
That sunken eye and ghastly visage chose ?
That faded cheek, the sickly saffron there,
Those trembling lips and features of despair ?—
Grim fiend ! approach, in any but that form !
Howl in the blast, or blacken in the storm ;
Ride the huge waves against the rocky shore,
In lightnings' glare, or in the thunders roar !—
Unwelcome then ; but not so dreadful, thou,
As the pale phantom that approaches now :

Whose feeble voice, of threatening tones, we
hear—

Whose trembling hand, of woful deeds, we fear—
For such his sway,—his fury once begun,—
The father scarce survives to mourn the son—
The orphan weeps parental fondness o'er,
And, weeping, finds fraternal friends no more—
The mother, childless, sheds the feeling tear,
And that sad drop bedews her partner's bier.—

Forget, my soul, that ere the fatal hour,
The victim oft must know that baneful power—
That where the sufferer lays his languid head,
Contagion stoops on the forsaken bed !—
Whose breath a halo round the taper pours,
While timid friendship shuns the dreaded doors.
Oh ! break, Humanity, the cause of fear !
In that last hour, be soothing Kindness near !
To wait each wish, to calm each dying wo—
To bid adieu, in accents “murmur'd low,”—
To shed the tear, receive the parting sigh,
Watch the last glance, and close the faded eye.

“ Oh ! righteous Heaven ! ” extend thy potent
hand !

Avert this evil from our threaten'd land !—
Nor let us find, for sins unnumber'd here,
Thy judgments heavy, or thy wrath severe !



REFLECTIONS,

On visiting the home of Childhood.

How wild are the forms of enchantment that
rise

In the light clouds that flit o'er the pure Sum-
mer skies !

So, the dreams of young Fancy, as transient as
they,

Steal over the soul, and glide swiftly away !—

Thus I thought as I stray'd, pensive, sad, and
alone,

O'er scenes that my childhood with rapture had
known—

'Twas my earliest home, where once, smiling
and near,

Were the friends now afar ; but to Memory dear—

And thus I exclaim'd, while slow-faded away,
From their bloom in the west, the last roses of
day—

Thus, the picture that Hope drew for infant
desire,

Charm'd awhile ; but its beauties, now fading,
retire !

But yet, is his labour not done—
 For yet stands that fiend with a wand in his hand
 “The tallest and foremost”—and yet will he
 stand !

And from him must the lady be won—
 Now darkly he swells to a mountainous size ;
 Yet his form still continues the same—
 Still smoke is his hair, and still fire-balls his eyes,
 Still his belt is a serpent, his robe is still
 flame,
 He speaks, and the sound is like that which
 might be,

If thunders should roar in the depths of the sea—
 “Sir knight, ’tis in vain that you’ve sought out
 my land,

“Your armour, your cause, and your courage
 are vain ;

“For by one magic word and one touch of this
 wand,

“Thy steed, chang’d to marble for ever shall
 stand,

“And thou a fix’d statue remain”—

“Thus answer’d the knight—“Thou foul spi-
 rit ! give ear !

“Nor thy form nor thy threats can affect r
 with fear !—

or oft have I wander'd where dark spirits
 dwell,
 and I've learn'd all the magic of sign and of
 spell.
 and there is a name which can shake thee
 with fear,
 too dreadful for mortals to speak or to hear—
 thou know'st it—and thee in that name I
 command
 to use in my service thy magical wand."—
 the demon groans deep; but obey him he
 must!—
 the wand is extended—the castle is dust—
 spectres are vanish'd—the Lady is freed—
 the fleet over mountain and stream is their
 speed.
 the Lady so fair crown'd the victory *ne'er*
 the warrior so valiant that never knew fear.

FRAGMENT.

may you still be blest with halcyon hours!
 and from Life's garden cull but thornless
 roses,
 like the soft sweets of Joy's immortal flowers
 that only bloom where Innocence reposes.

FAIR EXILE.

BRIGHT as the sun-beam's reflection
 From yon fields of gay-colour'd ice,
 Were my joys—but, alone Retrospection
 Bids them to the exile arise!—

Did Hope ever visit the waste
 Of Siber, all mantled in snow?—
 Where remembrance of joys that are past
 But blackens a future of wo!

Yet pleasure should hang on my rest,
 And warble me soft to repose—
 If 'twere not a father unblest
 Is wreck'd in a tempest of woes!

And Winter might vain, in his reign,
 While his trees, hung with icicles, glow,
 Hurl wild o'er his dreary domain,
 His rude winds and far-sweeping snow!

As the Reed in the tempest bends flexible,
 I'd yield to the storms of his sky,
 Could I soothe the deep pains of an exile,
 Whose sorrows alone damp my eye.

My Father, my childhood's protection !

**Were thy daughter invested with power,
Commensurate with her affection,**

Thy griefs were—how suddenly !—o'er.

But hark ! on the breezes that wander,

What sounds charm me thus as they hail ?—

'Tis the voice of the great Alexander,

In mercy that floats on the gale !—

“ Bé free,” it exclaims, “ from the sorrow

“ That Royalty cannot approve,

“ And the tears from Affliction you borrow,

“ Let those of pure rapture remove !”



THE DESERTED BOWER.

TELL me, Stranger, why yon bower

Can no more delight the vale !

Tell me why each faded flower

Now no more perfumes the gale !

Fair the morn, when late I pass'd it—

Why was then that bower so green ?

Since green leaves and flowers that grac'd it,

Smile no more upon the scene ?

“ That bower was fairest when the Morn

“ First her rosy mantle threw

“ O’er the lawn, to life returning,

“ Smiling in her balmy dew ;

“ For from dew-drops it must borrow

“ Charms, that wither in the day—

“ Joys of morn may fade to sorrow,

“ Ere the sun’s declining ray—

“ True, each flow’ret, there that flourish’

“ Droops—’tis lovelier than before !

“ For it mourns the hand that nourish’d ;—

“ And the fosterer is more.

“ She was fair that grac’d yon bower—

“ Every feature was divine—

“ Why should not each drooping flower

“ Weep the fate of Eveline ?

“ She, with fond affection rearing,

“ Taught each bud its stalk to twine ;

“ Emblem of that love endearing,

“ Still her bosom did enshrine—

“ When a child, no *mother*, blessing,

“ Lull’d each infant care to rest—

- “ *She*, her darling scarce caressing,
 “ Sought the mansions of the blest.
- “ Fondly, still, a father cherish’d
 “ Her, whose early beauty wore—
 “ In whose riper beauty perish’d—
 “ Charms, the mother own’d before !—
- “ As the trunk—the tempest bright’ning,
 “ Swept its fairer part away—
 “ When its last branch feeds the lightning,
 “ Waits he Death’s dissolving sway—
- “ Seek ye how, in beauty blooming,
 “ Eveline hath sunk to rest ?
 “ Sprightliness and grate entombing,
 “ Left to mourn who lov’d her best ?
- “ She, in early graces smiling,
 “ Shone too powerful not to move,—
 “ And, at lover’s tale beguiling,
 “ Prov’d too tender not to love.
- “ Oscar sought her rural bower,
 “ Where the Spring’s first beauties shine—
 “ Sought to win its choicest flower—
 “ Woo’d and won fair Eveline.

“ Now, new-springing joys surrounded ;—

“ But to blighting soon must yield ;

“ For the trump of War has sounded,

“ Calling Oscar to the field.

“ 'Twas on Bunker's summit hoary,

“ Leaving all he lov'd so well—

“ 'Twas in battle's blaze of glory,

“ He for Freedom fought—and fell.

“ Scarce the battle's rage was over ;

“ When, by doubt and fondness led,

“ Eveline descried her lover,

“ Low and bleeding with the dead.

“ Round his form, her arms entwining,

“ Wildly throb'd her bosom true—

“ On that bosom faint-reclining,

“ Oscar sigh'd his last adieu.

“ How, for years, in grief to languish,

“ Maid so tender ne'er hath prov'd—

“ Burst that heart, with sudden anguish—

“ In a breast that deeply lov'd.

“ Low, beneath yon willow weeping—

“ Where forgot are human woes—

“ Where the mother still is sleeping ;

“ Now the daughter finds repose.

“ Hark !—Those plaints, our ears assailing,

“ From yon train of mourners flow—

“ Widows they and orphans, wailing

“ Her, in life who sooth’d their wo.

“ Deepest draughts of sacred sorrow

“ Our afflicted souls receive—

“ On the vale each rising *morrow*

“ Only dawns to see us grieve !—”

Stranger, hold !—Though sad thy story,

Know to scenes of pure delight—

High above yon orb of glory—

Souls like hers shall take their flight !

So the Morn-star’s ray is given,

But till Day’s fall glow appear—

’Mid th’ effulgent light of Heaven,

Still it shines, though faded here.

A FAREWELL.

FAREWELL, a heart that generous feeling warms!

Farewell! but Hope forbids a long adieu—

Yet tho' I rove where Beauty wakes her charms—

Tho' Sorrow's scenes—tho' Pleasure's smiles
I view ;

Fond Memory still shall only dwell on you !—
Still "*Fare thee well*" shall be the frequent
prayer

Of him, who craves more than is Friendship's
due,

And hopes, nor doubting, hopes a place to share
In thy remembering heart, when seas have
borne him far.



EPITAPH.

AN antiquated maid lies here—

Stop, reader ! be so civil

As on her grave to shed a tear,

In pity—to the devil.

THE PEDLER AND THE PUDDING.

A YANKEE pedler, who, 'tis said,
 Bearing the name of "*Honest Jack*,"
 Carried more mischief in his head,
 Than trinkets in his pack—
 Somewhere, on fair Rhode-Island ground,
 Call'd at a dwelling, where he found
 A sour old termagant, who ventur'd
 To bid him back, soon as he enter'd.
 Jack was enrag'd ; for many a streak
 Of fiery red was in his cheek.
 And "Snarler !" cries he, "Better you
 "Should know the terms to strangers due !
 "What ! bid me out, like some mean cur ?
 "Now, fire consume me, if I stir !"
 His resolute, determin'd voice
 Quick brought *sour Goody* to a choice,
 Whether a fray 'twere best begin,
 Or go and call old Darby in—
 She chose the last, and soon was gone—
 Our *hero*, being quite alone,
 Look'd round the room, to find some strange,
 Mischievous, whimsical revenge—
 There was a frugal table spread
 With cabbage, pork, and Indian bread ;

And o'er the fire, in boiling pot,
 Danc'd in a bag, a *pudding* hot—
 Jack saw ; and, like a hungry sinner,
 Seiz'd on the pudding for a dinner :
 And now with knife and fork he arms him—
 But, hark ! a footstep near, alarms him !—
 “ Come on ! ” says Jack—“ The rogue will run—
 “ So shall the pudding ”—said, 'twas done,—
 He fled ; and though his load was hot,
 And heavy too, it matter'd not :
 He still his sweating burthen carried
 For half a mile before he tarried.
 Then at a humble door he knock'd,
 And saw it instantly unlock'd.
 A woman came, as plump and fair
 As ever drew Rhode-Island air,
 And ask'd his business—“ Why,” said Jack—
 Hiding his theft beneath his pack—
 “ You know I trade in little things—
 “ I've *needles, thimbles, pins, and rings*—
 “ And articles of greater weight,
 “ Which I'll not now enumerate—
 “ Pray will you buy ? ”—“ No, not a pin—”
 “ But, buy or not, I must come in ! ”—
 “ Well, come ! put down your pack, and soon
 “ The dinner, boiling, will be done.
 “ And if it please you with with us eat,
 “ I'll take some trinkets for the meat.

" Meantime, to call my husband home,
 " I'll blow the horn—he'll quickly come"—
 She went—Jack heard the shrill horn sound ;
 And now alone, look'd keenly round
 For some nice, cunning place, to hide
 The pudding, burning still his side—
 " Triumph !" he cries, " how shrewdly
 thought !—

" Here's a half-freighted dinner-pot—
 " Now, my hot friend ! I'll plump thee in it—
 " Dive to the bottom, in a minute !"
 Scarce had the pot the pudding swallow'd,
 When came the dame, whose husband follow'd ;
 And with no formal preparation,
 Each at the table takes his station :
 Save *Madam*, who must serve up, smiling,
 The dinner, larger grown by boiling.
 " 'Tis finely cook'd ;—but, Mercy !—Dear !
 " What monstrous witch-work have we here ?
 " A pudding ! strange !—and in a bag—
 " 'Tis mother Mudge's craft—the hag !—
 " She's call'd a witch, and owes me spite—"
 " But, wife, we'll not be injur'd by't !—
 " 'Twon't hurt us, if we eat it not—
 " So don't let's touch a single jot."
 Now speaks up Jack, " Since you're afraid on't,
 "(Witchcraft's the worst that can be made on't)

" Good woman, on the table set it,
 " Butter it well, and 'faith, I'll eat it."—
 'Twas no hard task—I wish I'd, here,
 A moiety of the Pedler's cheer.

TO A LADY,

In compliance with this request :

" Tell me why Love but *wounds* the yielding breast,
 " And why Love's victims are so seldom blest."

LADY, your task, though arduous, I will try,
 The *fair* requests—the *poet* must comply.—
 When old Mythology, with touch of fire,
 Tun'd the wild strings of every ancient lyre ;
 He said—and so each raptur'd poet sung—
 On Venus' breast, that little Cupid hung,
 Waiting her mandate—where her caprice bent,
 The urchin's shaft with thrilling transport went.—
 But let no more such idle song prevail !—
 List, Lady, list ! I'll tell a truer tale.

When first yon orb, in azure bursting bright,
 Illum'd the way, for Time's commencing flight ;

Descended Love, in Day's transparent flood,
 Wav'd his light wing, and in bless'd Eden stood ;
 Gaz'd with delight and wonder on so fair,
 So bright a prospect as he witness'd there ;
 Then, like the bee, from flower to flower he
 flew ;

Till the *first Lovers* his attention drew.

'Twas just when—waken'd from that sleep
 profound—

Adam found Eve—when, Eve *herself* just found—
 That moment, Love his rapturous sway began,
 Pure, chaste, and perfect, in the heart of man.
 He lit the first fond glance of Beauty's eye,—
 Breath'd his own languor in her first-drawn
 sigh,—

Perch'd in the dimple of her earliest smile,—
 Gave the first nectar to her lip the while ;—
 The first dear throbbings of her bosom hail'd,—
 Then fled, and o'er her partner's soul prevail'd—
 Nor hard the strife—ere then our sire had known
 Thoughts, Love confess'd accorded with his
 own—

And now Love rul'd each mutual glance and
 sigh,—

Pour'd his expression in each smiling eye,—
 In meeting hands, wak'd that ecstatic thrill,
 To lovers now well known ; but nameless still,—

Held the bright *lips* in the long lingering kiss—
 But—wo to him—was *their* forbidden bliss !
 For, as he wanton'd all the garden round,
 Blush'd on each flower, and warbled in each
 sound—

Just as fair Eve approach'd the fatal tree,
 For knowledge vain to barter you and me—
 Love saw, the flowers of Paradise could leave
 Well pleas'd, to view the Paradise of Eve :
 He saw the *Fruit*, beguiling, as it hung,
 And to its dewy rind the victim clung—
 The heedless fair the luscious prize embrac'd,
 And bleeding Love shriek'd in the guilty taste,
 Deep was the wound, and from that hapless hour,
 Hath weaken'd Love possess'd but half his power.
 Erst pierc'd the heart, and shower'd delight
 around ;
 Now he inflicts ; but cannot charm the wound.

Such is the tale of *Truth*, which *I* record
 At *your* request, confiding in *her* word.
 But if e'en *Truth*, fair Lady, you would *prove*,
 I'll introduce you to this little *Love*.
His word you'll credit ; and you need not fear
 The wounds he'll give you, while your poet's
 near ;

For, though to heal defies the *Urchin's* art,
I have a balsam ready for your heart.

- “ *She*, her darling scarce caressing,
 “ Sought the mansions of the blest.
- “ Fondly, still, a father cherish’d
 “ Her, whose early beauty wore—
 “ In whose riper beauty perish’d—
 “ Charms, the mother own’d before!—
- “ As the trunk—the tempest bright’ning,
 “ Swept its fairer part away—
 “ When its last branch feeds the lightning,
 “ Waits he Death’s dissolving sway—
- “ Seek ye how, in beauty blooming,
 “ Eveline hath sunk to rest?
 “ Sprightliness and grace entombing,
 “ Left to mourn who lov’d her best?
- “ She, in early graces smiling,
 “ Shone too powerful not to move,—
 “ And, at lover’s tale beguiling,
 “ Prov’d too tender not to love.
- “ Oscar sought her rural bower,
 “ Where the Spring’s first beauties shine—
 “ Sought to win its choicest flower—
 “ Woo’d and won fair Eveline.

Yet I'd dearly prefer, to these flowers,
 The hand that such sweetness could give them ;
 And your sighs have more love-warming
 powers,
 When from your own lips I receive them.

Then, when the next garland you'd twine ;
 Let Hymen assist you to do it !—
 Take me, my sweet Girl ! for the vine,
 And yourself for the flower that's wreath'd to it.

LINES

*Addressed to a young Lady who was offended
 at some advice, in an Acrostic on her name,
 written at her request.*

SHOULD sound advice, distinguishing the friend,
 Unmix'd with praise, the gentle fair offend ?—
 Was it for *praise* ?—could youthful maiden ask,
 For *Flattery* vain, the poet's humble task ?—
 I never flatter—There are themes enough
 For honest pens, without the fulsome stuff.

e'er my roguish *Edwin** may have done,
 rls are *air*—his end and aim is *fun* :
 ou by verse should never be array'd
 : false colours of a fancied maid !
 hould I paint a " Heaven in your eye,"
 l not your mirror give me home the lie ?
 ould the muse, of purity beguil'd,
 e, in vain, poor Praise thro' many a wild ;
 ves she censure that she does not bring
 ary bird that could elude her wing ?
 l own, a bird of syren voice—
 ombs pursue it, and vain girls rejoice—
 love its song, admire its plumage gay ;
 eem a thing so charming can betray !

LOVE AND POETRY.

Love to Poetry, one day,
 ne hither warbler, and tell me, I pray,
 y, with your strains so tender and wild,
 sing the praises of Beauty's child ;

ee *Edwin* to *Emma*, page 89. *Julia*, 35, &c.

- " And yet to wrong me appear so willing !
 " You fly to the realms where I have sway,
 " And souls that were mine with your tones so
 thrilling,
 " You soothe and charm and beguile them
 away !
 " How long, companions in Fairy-land,
 " Have we rov'd delighted hand in hand !
 " While you said there was never so dear, so
 wild,
 " So sweet or so innocent a child,
 " As Beauty's own—and yet you amaz'd me
 " By wronging me thus ; while thus you prais'd
 me !"
 " Stay, lovely Babe ! but now mine is the wrong !"
 Said the warbler, thrilling her voice of song—
 " 'Tis true, we've oft divided our sway ;—
 " But when have I stolen your hearts away ?
 " And, would you own it, you know it is true,
 " That many's the mortal I've won to you.
 " And to leave them yours I have now the power,
 " For, the other day, by yon drowsy bower,
 " Where sober Sleep was his poppies weeding ;
 " With slow and languid step proceeding,
 " I won all his airy family
 " Of little dreams to you and to me—
 " But list to me, Love ! for you know what I say
 " Is always said in a wildering way—

- “ I bade the Dreams exert their power,
 “ Whenever your subjects approach'd their
 bower,
 “ Deep to instil in each slumbering brain,
 “ That rapture dwelt in your sweet domain ;
 “ But that all who should in my realms appear,
 “ Would meet a Spirit that mortals fear—
 “ And true it is, such a spirit came—
 “ And *Poverty*, men have call'd his name—
 “ He came, to seek and to dwell with me ;—
 “ And his presence sure will a terror be
 “ To such as incline to seek my sway—
 “ Poverty grim shall stand in their way !
 “ Then blame me not, tho' some there should be,
 “ That in spite of him, will worship me !—
 “ Nay—one there is that arriv'd of late,
 “ Led by that spirit, and burst my gate,
 “ And roughly enter'd, declaring too,
 “ That the infant Love he hardly knew.—
 “ But fairy laws ordain that few
 “ My favour shall gain, denying you.

FRAGMENTS

*From a relinquished work on the Insurrection
of the Blacks in the Island of St. Domingo.*

I.

THE voice of tumult soon was hush'd—
Red in the west, had Twilight blush'd,
And still her feeble shadows gave,
Till darker Evening op'd her grave,
And clouds, to deepen still the shade,
Now o'er the fated Valley stray'd.
'Tis darkness,—save when lightning beams,
The brow of frowning Heaven revealing—
'Tis silence—till, succeeds its gleams
The voice of Wrath, in thunders pealing.

II.

Far, o'er the vale, the *Traveller* spies
A red and sudden flame arise—

Another shoots ; and now more near,
 Another ; till—as in career—
 With fleet succession on the sight,
 They come ; like spectres of the night.
 Far, north—and west—on every side,
 The bright'ning fires are raging wide—
 Now stream along the Canes—and now,
 From roofs in horrid splendour glow ;
 Flashing athwart ; then shooting high,
 Catch to their kindred in the sky.—
 Down fall the roofs, with crashing sound—
 Like meteors fly the streaming brands ;
 While shouting fiends are swarming round,
 With vengeful hearts and slaughtering hands.
 Like raging Tygers loos'd they run,
 Exult in deeds of terror done ;
 Then—fire or steel in every hand—
 They pour, in desolating storm,
 Where vengeance yet had spar'd the land—
 Where yet are horrors to perform.
 Th'opposing fall—the aged die—
 Death meets the helpless as they fly—
 Mute Pity yields to Havoc's sway,
 And Innocence is Slaughter's prey.—
 But late, the infant's slumbering charms
 Bless'd the unconscious mother's arms :
 Now dying shrieks the parent wild—
Fades on her breast the bleeding child.—

Ye furies ! in your rage, forbear !—
 The helpless—the offenceless, spare !—
 “ *Our wives, our offspring’s wrongs,*” they cry,
 “ Demand revenge, and your’s shall die !”

III.

Still is that vale a scene of dread—
 Nor yet has Rage exhausted fled ;
 Till, fiery whirlwinds sweeping all,
 Destruction knows not where to fall—
 Till, glaring round the ruin’d plain,
 Death for new riot gapes in vain.

IV.

Forget, my heart, the cause of wo,
 The guilty spring of *Hayti’s* doom !—
 Forget that Justice dealt the blow !—
 My tears *will* for the slaughter’d flow—
 Will fall—though ’tis on Slavery’s tomb.
 But *there*, they freeze : for dark beneath
 ’Tis colder than the frigid pole—
 So fiercely cold is Thralldom’s breath,—
 So cold his memory—breath’d from death,—
 It pours a Winter in the soul.

I the wretch, with chains disgrac'd,
 who long for friends and country sigh'd—
Who fled, by woes of bondage chas'd,
And, frantic, in the grave embrac'd
 Despair's mad daughter, Suicide.
But, Ah ! the sufferers of that Isle,—
 The prayerless victims' sudden doom,
Shall hide in Sorrow's veil the smile—
Shall bid my soul forget awhile,
 That Hayti's guilt was Hayti's tomb !

V.

That thronged ship, slow-riding from the west,
Sees distant Morning beam o'er Ocean's breast—
But can the light of rising Morn afford
Rapture to them, the rescued few on board ?
Ah ! no !—For safety, if their thanks ascend,
They weep the fate of many a slaughter'd friend !
And anxious see, that with reviving day,
Rises from darkness the destructive fray.—
Not to the bosom of that vale confin'd—
That hapless vale is lingering far behind :
Its hills recede—They wave their last adieu,
As glide the island's eastern shores to view.
But 'tis not now the bursting howl or fire ;
Fires, yells, and outrages, with night retire.

Here formidable bands in fight display
More warlike arms and disciplin'd array—
Still as they ride, still open on their view
New scenes of strife and desolations new.
Here fire is raging—here a conflict drives,
Negroes for freedom, Spaniards for their lives.
Thus all the day, with whose descending fires,
Ill-fated Hayti slowly west retires.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE GRACES.

An Idylle, from the French of Berquin.

WHERE the Spring is fairest seen,
Smiling in perpetual green ;
While in those elysian places,
Sported free the sister *Graces* ;
Aglaia fair, in frolic mood,
'Mid the thick embowering wood,
Disappear'd—in vain the two
Trac'd her footsteps o'er the dew.
“ Thro' these groves,” Euphrosyne cries—
“ Our unwary sister flies—
“ Pan, thou knowest, lies in wait ;
“ And, how sad must be her fate !
“ If in some sequester'd scene—
“ In some nook or thicket green—
“ He should find th' immortal child ;
“ He so *rude* ! these woods so wild !”

While Euphrosyne spoke her care ;
 Thalia sought her sister fair—
 Now, advancing, cautious steps—
 Now beneath the bushes peeps—
 Now retreats—for great her fear,
 That the ravisher is near.

Long, in vain, the sisters sought ;
 Till directed to the spot,
 Where, to Love and me resign'd,
 Danæ in my arms reclin'd.
 When they reach'd the balmy shade,
 And beheld the mortal maid ;
 “ Ah ! Our sister !” Thalia cries,
 “ Aglaia ! thou art found—arise !
 “ Laugh'st thou now at all our pain ?—
 “ Come away !—Be ours again !”
 Guiding her, by either hand,
 Swift along the flowery land ;
 Then, the nymphs with aspect gay
 Bore my shepherdess away.
 All despairing, as they flew,
 Swift I started to pursue ;
 When a voice of thrilling sway
 Stopp'd me on my eager way.
 “ Lycidas, where go'st thou ? stay !—
 “ Come, hard-hearted ! come away !

Leave your shepherdess' faint charms !
 Fly to an Immortal's arms !"
 ruing, I beheld the fair
 ortive Aglaia, calling there.
 it, as late the nymphs mistook ;
 r my mistress, her I took.
 ould my eye deceitful prove ?—
 s, my eye ; but not my Love !—
 on I cried—" In vain thy prayer !—
 Lycidas renounce his fair ?—
 My once-yielded heart to gain,
 Venus might aspire, in vain !"

en the trembling nymph I bore
 w'ards the sisters—o'er and o'er,
 ng they view'd them ere they knew
 'laia, from my Danæ true ;
 l our pure affection's light
 wn'd, upon their doubting sight.



THE WATCH AND DIAL,

A FABLE.

Translated from La Motte.

ATCH, like many a buck who wears one,
 ig most consequential airs on,

Perceiving clouds the sun to hide—
 To show his parts and feast his pride,
 Thus to the shaded Dial cries,
 “ You, doubtless, can the hour declare ?”
 “ No, Sir !” Sol’s register replies—
 “ You can’t !—Why then do you stand there ?”
 “ I wait,” he answers, “ till my guide
 Shall burst in splendour from his shroud ;
 For I know nothing, if Sol hide ;
 As now you see, behind a cloud.”
 “ Wait then !” the coxcomb, pert rejoins,
 “ Till your inconstant patron shines—
 But, *I* no such dependence have,
 Nor any aid, nor counsel crave—
 Harken to *me*, and learn the hour !”
 He proudly cries, “ One, two, three, four—
 That’s it precise—nor less, nor more.”
 But, while the Watch decides ; behold !
 Th’obscuring clouds are backward roll’d—
 Phœbus comes forth, with looks sublime,
 And bids the Dial note the time.
 The proud repeater’s “ *Precise four*”
 The shade declares “ *Three quarters more.*”
 “ My child,” rejoins the honest Dial—
 “ Your skill in words is well display’d ;
 But when your power is put to trial,
 “ You need a regulator’s aid—

- “ I bade the Dreams exert their power,
 “ Whenever your subjects approach'd their
 bower,
 “ Deep to instil in each slumbering brain,
 “ That rapture dwelt in your sweet domain ;
 “ But that all who should in my realms appear,
 “ Would meet a Spirit that mortals fear—
 “ And true it is, such a spirit came—
 “ And *Poverty*, men have call'd his name—
 “ He came, to seek and to dwell with me ;—
 “ And his presence sure will a terror be
 “ To such as incline to seek my sway—
 “ Poverty grim shall stand in their way !
 “ Then blame me not, tho' some there should be,
 “ That in spite of him, will worship me !—
 “ Nay—one there is that arriv'd of late,
 “ *Led* by that spirit, and burst my gate,
 “ And roughly enter'd, declaring too,
 “ That the infant Love he hardly knew.—
 “ But fairy laws ordain that few
 “ My favour shall gain, denying you.

Thou would'st the world enfold !
 Grasping the whole to gain,
 The whole escapes thy eager hold !—
Less rapid streams would surer be—
Have patience ! rivulets fill the sea.
 Fine lessons these !—but see him yawn !
 Instead of giving ear to me—
 What method shall I hit upon,
 To rouse him from his reverie ?
 Where soundest moral lectures fail,
 A simple fable may prevail.

A child—so Epictetus says—
 Not in our time ; but ancient Grecian days—
 A child, with more of greediness than wit,
 Got his nice hand into a small-mouth'd jar,
 Where figs and nuts together were,
 And fill'd his fist with all that he could get.
 Now to withdraw his hand he tries,
 And all it grapples too ;
 But the full fist's retreat the narrow mouth
 denies—
 He knows not what to do ;
 But like a dunce, he tugs, and sweats, and cries.

A stander-by, touch'd by his pain,
 us to the child began—
 say the same to man—
 “ Take but the half, my friend, the half
 thou'lt gain.”



CONVALESCENCE.

From the French of Gresset.

SOUL of the Universe ! Health purely blooming !
 Thou, who art mending the thread of my days,
 And happy, and tranquil, thy triumph resuming,
 Bid'st my spirit be warm'd by some new-
 glowing rays !
 While others to squander Life's spring-time
 engage,
 And bring on too forward a Winter of age ;
 While they slight thus thy favours, bright
 Goddess be mine,
 To seek out thy temple and kneel at thy shrine !

And far from the town in the wild-wood, is
shining

Thy temple, with green rural beauties array'd.
There Nature invites us, our fancy inclining,

To watch the return of her verdure and shade.
In those scenes, that to Wisdom and Pleasure
are dear,

I go to revive, with the young rising year—
There, while breathing the fragrance of Spring
newly born,

With what taste will I seek me her first flowery
thorn !

And catch the first strains of the nightingale
flowing—

And while the new meads' early graces I view ;
With its young budding flowers, in pearly dew
glowing,

My soul too long faded shall flourish anew !—
And shall float with the Zephyr, as careless and
light ;

For, the days that bring Health, days of purest
delight !

A new birth to the languishing spirit convey—
A glow, that might seem Immortality's ray !—

What rapture ! Each joy to my bosom is
stealing !—

With transport, the bright orb in azure I
view !— ●

Each object inspires, interests every feeling—

To me, all the glories of Nature are new.

He, doubtless, to whom our existence we owe

For the taste of new joys, does new senses bestow.

When warm Convalescence inspires with delight,

From whose glance of impatience disorder takes
flight !

Then all things revive—Then a pure light
commences,

And Spring's brightest smiles Earth and
Heaven adorn—

The most simple object some new charm dis-
penses,

E'en the Linnet's gay song, or the dews of
the morn.

E'en the leaves of the grove, or the Vi'let's soft
blue—

What, slightly, before, interested the view,

Now enrapture the soul—in attractions are
shown,

Unseen by the crowd, to Indifference unknown.

AZOR.

“ Oh ! Azor, en vain ma voix t'appelle ! ”

ANONYMOUS.

OH ! Azor, I call thee in vain !

Naught but echo replies to my voice—

Behold your Zemira again !

She is faithful—Oh ! bid her rejoice !

Alas ! in my bosom I've proved—

That bosom where dearest art thou—

Thee, more than myself once I loved ;

But lov'd thee less fondly than now.



DESCRIPTION OF THE TEMPLE OF
LOVE.

From the Henriade of Voltaire, Book 9th.

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TRANSLATIONS.

THE GRACES.

An Idylle, from the French of Berquin.

WHERE the Spring is fairest seen,
Smiling in perpetual green ;
While in those elysian places,
Sported free the sister *Graces* ;
Aglaia fair, in frolic mood,
'Mid the thick embowering wood,
Disappear'd—in vain the two
Trac'd her footsteps o'er the dew.
“ Thro' these groves,” Euphrosyne cries—
“ Our unwary sister flies—
“ Pan, thou knowest, lies in wait ;
“ And, how sad must be her fate !
“ If in some sequester'd scene—
“ In some nook or thicket green—
“ He should find th' immortal child ;
“ He so *rude* ! these woods so wild !”

Whose harmonies inspire with languors soft ;
 But lovers' voices, and their mistress' songs,
 Who boast their weakness, celebrate their shame.
 And daily seen, their brows with garlands
 twin'd,

The favours of their master they implore,
 And in his temple eager crowd to learn
 The dangerous arts—to please—and to seduce—
 While flattering Hope, with brow serene and fair,
 To *Love's* own altar leads them by the hand.
 The half-clad Graces, near the sacred Temple,
 Follow the airy dance their voices lead,
 While soft Voluptuousness, on bed of green,
 Tranquil and satisfied, attends their songs.
 There, too, are Mystery in silence, and
 Enchanting Smiles, soft Cares and Complacence,
 With amorous Pleasures, and those young De-
 sires,
 More sweet and more seducing e'en than Plea-
 sures.

Such the fair entrance of that famous Temple.
 But when, advancing 'neath the sacred arch,
 Th' audacious step hath reach'd the sanctuary,
 What fatal spectacle affrights the eye !
 It is no more the band of tender Pleasures—
 The *amorous* concert is no longer heard—

But now Complaint, Disgust, Imprudence, Fear,
 Change the fair scene to Horror's dread abode.
 Now gloomy Jealousy, with pallid cheek,
 Follows with trembling step Suspicion dark.
 Hatred and Rage diffusing venom round,
 Precede their steps, a poniard in the hand.
 Malice beholds, and with perfidious smile
 Passing, applauds the Homicidal troupe.
 Repentance follows ; but detests their rage,
 And sighing, lowers her eyes o'erwhelm'd in
 tears.

'Tis there—'tis in the midst of this dread court,
 That the unblest companion of men's joys,—
 That Love has chosen his eternal home.
 This dangerous child, so tender and so cruel,
 Bears the World's dest'nies in his feeble hand ;
 Gives with a smile or Peace or raging War,
 And, still, diffusing far his guileful sweets,
 Inspires the universe, lives in all hearts.
 Viewing his conquests from his shining throne,
 He treads beneath his feet the haughtiest heads.
 More proud of cruelties than gentle deeds,
 He seems to glory in the ills he's caus'd.

Perceiving clouds the sun to hide—
 To show his parts and feast his pride,
 Thus to the shaded Dial cries,
 “ You, doubtless, can the hour declare ?”
 “ No, Sir !” Sol’s register replies—
 “ You can’t !—Why then do you stand there
 “ I wait,” he answers, “ till my guide
 “ Shall burst in splendour from his shroud
 “ For I know nothing, if Sol hide ;
 “ As now you see, behind a cloud.”
 “ Wait then !” the coxcomb, pert rejoins,
 “ Till your inconstant patron shines—
 “ But, *I* no such dependence have,
 “ Nor any aid, nor counsel crave—
 “ Hearken to *me*, and learn the hour !”
 He proudly cries, “ One, two, three, four
 “ That’s it precise—nor less, nor more.”
 But, while the Watch decides ; behold !
 Th’obscuring clouds are backward roll’d—
 Phœbus comes forth, with looks sublime,
 And bids the Dial note the time.
 The proud repeater’s “ *Precise four*”
 The shade declares “ *Three quarters more*
 “ My child,” rejoins the honest Dial—
 “ Your skill in words is well display’d ;
 “ But when your power is put to trial,
 “ *You need a regulator’s aid—*

EPISTOLARY WRITINGS.

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A SPECTRE.

Addressed to my friend R. M. B—.

DEAR B—, since you request to know
What I esteem my greatest wo,
I'll tell a tale which shall contain
An answer, candid as 'tis plain.

At childhood's dawn, Hope led the way,
As if to usher manhood's day ;
Bright gleam'd awhile that lovely star,
But soon was clouded by Despair.

'Twas at Life's bless'd and early hour ;
That—slumbering sweet in Pleasure's bower
In spells of visionary bliss—
From all my fancied happiness
Rous'd sudden, full before me stood
A form whose terrors froze my blood.
A spectre pale of giant height,
Of meagre look and faded sight—
No hair upon his head appears—
A tatter'd garb is all he wears ;
Which loose and fluttering in the air,
Shows wither'd flesh and bones half bare—

stander-by, touch'd by his pain,
 to the child began—
 y the same to man—
 Take but the half, my friend, the half
 thou'lt gain."



CONVALESCENCE.

From the French of Gresset.

IL of the Universe ! Health purely blooming !
 Thou, who art mending the thread of my days,
 d happy, and tranquil, thy triumph resuming,
 Bid'st my spirit be warm'd by some new-
 glowing rays !
 While others to squander Life's spring-time
 engage,
 and bring on too forward a Winter of age ;
 While they slight thus thy favours, bright
 Goddess be mine,
 seek out thy temple and kneel at thy shrine !

Oh ! feeble is the Night-mare's glare,
 To that fierce, trembling, ghastly stare !—
 He spake, with hollow grumbling sound ;
 Like winds that murmur under ground ;
 And, while the faltering accents came,
 The air rush'd thro' his shatter'd frame :

 'Twas not deep Hell that gave me birth ;
 “ But, rear'd and foster'd upon Earth,
 “ From dark *Oppression's* haunts I came,
 “ Spurn'd thence, and POVERTY's my name.
 “ Extortion's iron hand alone
 “ Has rear'd me here a mighty throne.
 “ He, worshipping at Fortune's shrine
 “ Makes thousand wretches bend at mine.
 “ No love for me creates this zeal ;
 “ But 'tis for his own vot'ries weal,
 “ Who oft from Fortune's height look down,
 “ And tremble at my threat'ning frown ;
 “ Fearing that I away should tear
 “ The yielding props that hold them there.
 “ But those form not my sway alone,
 “ Whom his hard *Vice* has taught to groan.
 “ Oft by some sudden stroke of fate,
 “ Men feel my power or taste my hate.
 “ *Idleness, Waste, Intemperance*, bring
 “ Subjects to me, their lawful king.

' *Cards, Billiards, Dice*, are all my friends ;
 ' But less their aid my power extends,
 ' Than *Fashion, Pride, Show* and *Parade* ;
 ' For these have countless subjects made.—
 ' But these all uniuited come,
 ' As if to seek a welcome home ;
 ' While I with care ransack the Earth
 ' To find the hapless sons of *Worth*.
 ' *These* are the glory of my reign—
 ' For them I search ; nor search in vain.
 ' For, those bold hearts, that proudly scorn
 ' Dishonesty, of Avarice born,
 ' And would not, kingdoms' wealth to claim,
 ' Dishonour Friendship's sacred name,
 ' Must yield ; for when attack'd by me,
 ' Weak is their armour, Industry.
 ' The student pale, the poet wild,
 ' Fair Science' son, and Fancy's child,
 ' Searching the fields of Newton's fame,
 ' And glowing in the Muses' flame—
 ' These I surprise in guardless hour,
 ' No golden arms to thwart my power.
 ' And 'tis my pride to bring them low,
 ' And mix them in one common wo,
 ' With all the loose, abandon'd crew
 ' Who on themselves their sufferings drew :

AZOR.

“ Oh ! Azor, en vain ma voix t'appel

ANONY

OH ! Azor, I call thee in vain !

Naught but echo replies to my voice

Behold your Zemira again !

She is faithful—Oh ! bid her rejoic

Alas ! in my bosom I've proved—

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Sorrow, Anxiety, Despair,
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 Where thousand little *Horrors* flew,
 Like to the insect throngs that stream
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 They were the light-wing'd Elfs that wind
 Their easy passage to the mind,
 And frighten Fancy when, beguil'd,
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 To chill my bosom with despair
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 “ Than *Fashion, Pride, Show and Parade* ;
 “ For these have countless subjects made.—
 “ But these all uninvited come,
 “ As if to seek a welcome home ;
 “ While I with care ransack the Earth
 “ To find the hapless sons of *Worth*.
 “ *These* are the glory of my reign—
 “ For them I search ; nor search in vain.
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 “ And would not, kingdoms’ wealth to claim,
 “ Dishonour Friendship’s sacred name,
 “ Must yield ; for when attack’d by me,
 “ Weak is their armour, Industry.
 “ The student pale, the poet wild,
 “ Fair Science’ son, and Fancy’s child,
 “ Searching the fields of Newton’s fame,
 “ And glowing in the Muses’ flame—
 “ These I surprise in guardless hour,
 “ No golden arms to thwart my power.
 “ And ’tis my pride to bring them low,
 “ And mix them in one common wo,
 “ With all the loose, abandon’d crew
 “ Who on themselves their sufferings drew :

" That undiscerning, haughty eyes
 " With equal scorn may them despise ;
 " For few can rays of Merit see
 " That shine through clouds of Misery.—
 " Think'st thou much of my glory's lost,
 " Despis'd by those who serve me most ?
 " And curst by all whom adverse fate
 " Has left to feel how fell my hate ?
 " No !—for, their curses and their ire
 " Is all the glory I desire.
 " I scourge them sore to gain this good,
 " And breathe their sighs and drink their blood.
 " By many a royal despot's hand,
 " I'm rais'd to power in many a land :
 " But *here* 'tis said that Freedom reigns—
 " Believ'st thou this ?—behold these chains !
 " And ask this land of Liberty,
 " How many slaves it yields for me !
 " But, how I deal my subjects wo,
 " Would'st learn ? then to thy sorrow know !"
 He said, and slow and solemn laid
 His palsied hand upon my head :
 The touch, with an electric thrill,
 Ran through my nerves, which feel it still.
 " Thus and for ever mine you are,
 " My shackles and my garb to wear ;
 " And, thus degraded, to abide
 " *The cold neglect or scorn of Pride.*

“ But deem not this your greatest ill—
 “ Behold my train ! slaves of my will ! ”
 He said, and waved his wither'd hand ;
 And soon appear'd the fearful band.
 Thin *Want*, *Disease*, and 'pallid *Care*,
Sorrow, *Anxiety*, *Despair*,
 And boisterous *Duns*, *Abuse*, as loud,
 And hissing *Scorn* were in the crowd.
 But soon a blue mist rose to view,
 Where thousand little *Horrors* flew,
 Like to the insect throngs that stream
 Giddy, along a solar beam ;
 They were the light-wing'd Elfs that wind
 Their easy passage to the mind,
 And frighten Fancy when, beguil'd,
 She yields them once her region wild.

Enough the spectre now had shown—
 Enough, himself and train made known,
 To chill my bosom with despair
 And fix me like a statue there.
 And from that inauspicious hour,
 I've felt the fiend's depressing power.
 And still to blast each prospect bright,
 His form of terror fills my sight,
 And haunts my steps, (sure not to err)
 As ghost haunts guilty murderer.

When to repel his arm prov'd vain,
 I sought *some* solace 'neath his reign.
Fame spread a fair illusive light,
 That blaz'd on Science' towering height—
 I sought the splendid scene to gain ;—
 But fetters did my flight restrain,—
 And near, my tyrant stood to see,
 And triumph in his victory—
 On scenes of home still Friendship smil'd
 And pain a little while beguil'd—
 While tenderly, parental love
 To banish each affliction strove.
 But soon the despot's mandate stern
 Drove me from home and friends, to learn
 What cold regard the World bestows
 On those whom Fortune holds as foes ;
 How the vain Peacock struts away
 From birds of plumage not so gay !—
 Yet to my mind Hope gave one ray :—
 From early friends, though snatch'd away
 Though doom'd to wander, and forbid
 To rove fair Learning's scenes amid,
 Or reach to Fame of flight so high,
 Or taste one Pleasure Wealth could buy :
 Yet, still methought, despite the power
 That on my morn bade tempests lower,
I'd seek Imagination's arms,
And, musing there on Nature's charms,

But deem not this your greatest ill—
 Behold my train ! slaves of my will !”
 said, and waved his wither'd hand ;
 and soon appear'd the fearful band.
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 and still to blast each prospect bright,
 as form of terror fills my sight,
 and haunts my steps, (sure not to err)
 the ghost haunts guilty murderer.

(Just as the sun-beam paints a cloud)—
 Then some clear truth in figures shroud :
 And then we swell an image bold ;
 And oft so high the mirror hold,*
 That Truth declares it out of place,
 And Nature cannot see her face.

AN ACCIDENT.

To My Friend Doctor S—— C——.

DEAR S——r, since our friendship is so strong,
 Let's blend our woes, and sympathize in song !
 List, then, while I a late misfortune tell,
 Which made me almost bid my muse farewell !
 Last night fair Poetry your friend confin'd
 Close to his garret, yet he was resign'd.
 Two antique chairs, a broken mirror, high,
 That gave seven poets to my wandering eye ;
 Rich o'er my window spider's tapestry ;
 Time's guardian near with most loquacious
 tongue,
 To drown my musings as it frequent rung ;

* “ *To hold the mirror up to nature.*”

Rear'd on four piles, a sleep inspiring bed,
 And table with the Muses' favours spread,
 Were my whole furniture : and now aspire
 My glowing tho'ts, while hovering o'er my fire,
 Where blazing high—my only candles—shine
 Some pitchy splints of lightning-shivered pine.
 Now stooping near, to read a finish'd sheet,
 Stor'd with choice imagery, for press complete,—
 Oh ! sad event !—A sudden flash there came,
 Caught to its kindred, my poetic flame !
 The mingling fires in conflagration high,
 Glow, shoot and flash, like lightning in the sky,
 Sing, while they burn, then die with warbling
 sound.

I weep my loss, the muses shriek around !—
 'Tis done !—The labours of two tedious days,
 Are lost in one malignant *pitch-pine* blaze !
 Oh, never be this shocking scene forgot !
 While thou hast tears to sympathize with

SCOTT.

S—— C——.



WERTER, TO A MOTHER.

THOU guardian of my childhood, dearest friend !
 For parting thus, each motive I disown

Less pure, than every prayer thou bid'st ascend,
 Invoking Heaven to guard and bless thy son !

Tho' with such feeling, delicately pure,
 With sensibility refin'd as thine,
 I know what thou at parting must endure,—
 And every pang thou feel'st is fully mine —

Yet, still farewell ! but hope a short adieu !
 Should Fortune's sun shed one enliv'ning ray,
 It lights on me, but to reflect on you,
 And cheer the gloom which hangs on life's
 decay.

Thou guardian of my childhood, dearest friend !
 Farewell ! till Heaven permit thy son to prove,
 That, while for him thy daily prayers ascend,
 His filial, equals thy maternal love.

WERTER.

WERTER, TO HIS FRIENDS.

WHEN Spring her fragrance and her musick
 breathing,
Shall charm away old Winter's ruffian frown,

To deck her green robes, flowers in embryo
wreathing—

While Hope stands by to watch each bud till
blown ;

Oh ! then, dear scenes, to happy childhood
known ;

Lov'd scenes of innocence ! to you I'll flee !

Where first Misfortune mark'd me for her own,

Where youthful *Love* acquaintance sought
with me,

Conducting hand in hand his sister *Poetry*.

Yes, then, nor sooner ; but, I now recall

In memory, every friend my heart holds
dear,—

The Brother, Sister, Sire and Mother—all,

That to their wanderer grant—a thought—and
tear—

Nor, is that cherub to my hope, less near*—

Thou dearest babe, sweet gift of smiling Love !

Tho' Fortune frown upon thy parents here,

Still half their poverty may'st thou remove,

And prattling, win their thoughts to Innocence
above !

* An infant niece is referred to in this line.

And may ye, parents of so lovely child !
Foster the darling bud, till, blooming fair
In maiden charms, ye are in her beguiled
Of half life's sorrow and its burth'ning care !
And hope ye further blessings still to share !—
Heaven grant, our generous parents hold the
stage,
Till softened Fortune hear her outcast's prayer,
And yield to them and theirs, what can assuage
The misery of all who live to bless their age.

For me, I *will* not curse the evil star,
That saw my birth and guides my dest'ny
hard—
Yet while I roam from smile of Friendship far,
Careless of passing Folly's cold regard,
Still will I wait the Muses' loved award,
And sing when sad ; like one that smiling
mourns.
What tho' no fame await your humble bard !—
I'll sing myself to please, and muse by turns
On him who did the same, *that* dear resistless
Burns.

WERTER.

TO THE AMERICAN BARD,

S. WOODWORTH.

T'other night, my dear Woodworth !
 While by moon-light so fair,
 On the floor I was sitting,
 To write on my chair;
 I look'd round as the scuttle
 Let in the blest ray,
 And, just where it should not,
 Your saucy book lay*.
 'Twas on papers I wanted,
 And saucy indeed !
 When I fain would been writing,
 To force me to read.
 But ; tho' large was my *candle*,
 Obscure was its ray,
 My *ten* snuffers short ones†,
 And *that* far away.
 - Yet, in spite of its dimness,
 Your *Minstrel* was known‡,

* Woodworth's Metrical Effusions.

† " *Arise Jupiter, and snuff the moon.*"

‡ Woodworth's Poems, page 253.

And, in scanning his feelings,
 I scann'd all my own.
 Then, his purity noting,
 My Fancy was brought
 Bound, before the tribunal
 Of delicate Thought ;
 And sentenc'd for wand'ring,
 As here she has done,
 To finish, in sadness,
 What she'd laughing begun.
 And as there she was chasten'd,
 She stands condemn'd here :
 While, to cancel her folly,
 She offers a tear.
 Oh ! I read with emotions
 That prompted the sigh,
 The doom of the Minstrel—
 “ To throw his harp by.”
 'Twas a shame, more than blushing,
 That worth like his own
 Should e'er feel the winter
 Of Poverty's frown.
 But, in those frigid regions,
 Most bards wake their lay ;
 While, in warm rays of feeling,
 The ice melts away.

There are delicate raptures,
 That softly will creep
 To the Soul of affliction,
 Thro' the thin veil of Sleep.
 Sweet as these are the pleasures
 That wait on the lay—
 Then throw not, dear Minstrel !
 Thy old harp away.



TO MY INSTRUCTOR, BENEFACTOR
 AND FRIEND, W— S— C—.

HADST thou the wealth thy merit claims ;
 Then, all the bounteous deeds thou'st done,
 Were but free rays of nurturing warmth
 Pour'd from an undiminish'd sun.
 But more refined by far, those rays
 Their *failing* source will still impart !
 They enter and pervade the soul—
 They reach, they kindle in the heart.
 They waken an emotion there—
 A more than grateful—nameless feeling—
 'Tis tender, thrilling, ardent, pure,
 And shines, all but itself revealing.

'Tis what this bosom owns for thee—
 And though no language can reveal it ;
 May friendship never smile on me !
 If basely I forget to feel it.



TO A NORTHERN FRIEND,

*Inviting him to accompany me to the South
 States.*

MY Henry, come ! with me away !
 The pure expanse of southern skies,
 Beguiling—chiding our delay—
 And both with smiles—delights my eyes.
 Forsake with me each dreary plain
 Where scarce a transient Summer blushes
 Ere Winter, to resume his reign,
 In panoply of tempests rushes ;
 Driving before his stormy car
 The vanquish'd season, breathing war ;
 With me to warmer regions fly,
 Where softer breezes—milder sky—
 Waft harmonies with odours round—
 Besprinkle flowers on verdurous ground ;

Where Spring and Autumn dwell so near,
 That Winter scarce can pass between,
 When holds he southward his career ;
 Nor Summer fiercely intervene,
 While she rebuffs th' invader's ire
 Singing his brow with torrid fire—
 Where Spring but smiles, and sun-beams play,
 Obsequious to her genial ray—
 She breathes, and soft along the land
 In the sweet gale, harmonious swelling,
 Their descant joins each choral band,
 From sylvan, or aerial dwelling.
 She weeps—her joyous tears are seen
 Descending upon snowy beds,
 Which now, are dress'd in lovely green,
 While waking flowers lift up their heads—
 Where, Summer mild the embryo blossom
 Receives from Spring to grace her bosom ;
 But there, by charm of magic power,
 A dewy fruit becomes the flower ;
 While Summer, smiling as it glows,
 In Autumn's lap the offering throws.—
 Thither with me, where Nature mild,
 Her choicest beauties scatters wild,
 Breathes but the pure, sweet healthful air
 Along the grove and meadows fair.

Come, let's a warmer region view,
And hnd that man is warmer too !
The dreary snows around the pole,
Cannot extend to every soul !
No, No ! Let dark, cold *Avarice* still,
Remain where frosts eternal chill !
Nature design'd, from Winter's breath,
He should inhale his life and death.
But if warm climes bend not the soul
To soft *Humanity's* control,
Where, but in Eden, has *she* smil'd ?—
Can man be man, or Nature's child ?

LINES,

*Written on hearing of the death of Commodore
Perry*.*

COLUMBIA descended
On those rocky shores,
Where in tumult and thunder
Niagara roars.
She chose on its border
An eminent seat ;
And the foam of its dashing
Was wreath'd round her feet.
And the cloud rolling from it
Around her was spread—
And its rain-bow ascending
Encircled her head†.
Sublime on the torrent,
But mild, fell her eye,

* This piece and the one following it, though they cannot be called Epistolary writings, were written when the printing of this work had gone too far to allow them a place under any other head.

† “ And a rainbow was upon his head.”

As the deep-blue of Erie,
 Reflecting her sky.
 She thought of her heroes
 The honor'd of Fame ;
 Who had brighten'd the halo
 Surrounding her name.
 She thought of her Perry,
 Belov'd of the brave,
 And the smile of her feature
 Illumin'd the wave.
 But sudden Niagara
 Stops in its course,
 And rears the white torrent,
 Suspending its force.
 In the damp cloud no longer
 The gay sun-beam plays ;
 The foam-wreath is melting,
 The rain-bow decays.
 " Why this strange, sudden silence ?"
 She ask'd, and her ear
 By a death-dirge was answer'd,
 Deep, solemn and near.
 With a name to her dearest,
 It broke the still air—
 It moan'd for her PERRY—
 Its tone was despair.

How her bosom was wounded !

How deep was the blow !

Yet calm in her weeping

And grand in her wo,

She rose, and a moment

Sad sorrowful stood ;

When the Spirit of Erie

Came over the flood.

On her summer-blue pinion

She stoop'd to the scene ;

Where in silence lamented

The sad WESTERN QUEEN.

“ O, be not afflicted !”

The bright spirit cries ;

While her damp wings are hiding

Her own tearful eyes—

“ Our hero is fallen,

“ But verdant appears

“ His fame, which thy daughters

“ Shall nurse with their tears.

“ And while it shall flourish

“ And bloom in such dew,

“ Thy sons shall behold it

“ With ardour anew :

“ While to emulate Perry

“ New heroes shall gain

“ Fresh fame to thy region,

“ Half Nature's domain.”

THE BALLOON.

Written, New-York, October, 1819.

“ HUZZA ! Huzza ! clear, clear the way !
 “ Run—the Balloon *goes up* to day !”
 See old and young, black, white and all
 Fill every passage to Vaux-hall !
 Vaux-hall, the goal—the flooded shore
 Where streams from every quarter pour.
 See the innumerable throng,
 That in the Bowery crowd along !
 See dandy coats, and bonnets gay,
 Shawls, ribbons, stream along Broad-way !
 See carts and coaches dashing on !
 See men and boys and women run !
 They come, they come, from every side,
 Like bubbles on a rushing tide !
 They drive with half Niagara’s force—
 Nor ever fleeter was his course.
 Greece never pour’d to Troja’s wall
 So great a throng, so vast a battle—
 Call, call your Hector forth, Vaux-hall !
 Their shouts arise ! their *charriots* rattle.
 Is it revenge, or hate, or fear,
 Or wonder urges their career ?

It must be Wonder's trumpet loud !
 Nought else could draw so vast a crowd.
 But soon the driving storm is past—
 They all have reach'd the goal at last !
 Why what a squeezing, Virgil's bees—
 Were not so numerous as these !
 Such multitudes, Communipaw*
 Of evening singers never saw.
 Nor did a sun-beam ever sprawl
 Such swarms as *Monsieur Guille's ball*.
 Like sheep enclos'd that burst their bar—
 Like locusts dark'ning Egypt's air,
 They push and crowd, and squeeze, and—"O,
 That rascal trod upon my toe !"
 "Back, back !—there—yonder's the balloon !
 "We all shall see it moving soon !"
 The multitude turns all its eyes
 Right where the flying wonder *lies*.
 From cart and window, coach and door,
 From wall, and house-top covered o'er,
 From step and block, and shed and tree,
 Where boys, like squirrels, climb *to see*,

* It is from Communipaw that the Moschetoës came,
 which swarmed upon New-York this season.

All gaze, all wonder, all desire
To see poor Monsieur Guille higher.
'Tis all attention, save when rise
Some false alarm of "there it flies!"
Or "*Voyez donc ! le ballon va !—*
" Mon Dieu ! j'ai peur qu'il n'ira pas !"
Or, save when in the crowd there pass
Some learn'd disputes about the gass.
One cannot get it *in his eye*
What makes the mighty bladder fly.
One fears delay is loss of toil ;
And one is sure the gas will spoil.
And now, to show his depth profound,
Some *wise man* calls an audience round.
With arm akimbo, and with brow
That says—*behold importance now !*
" I can *expound* all to your *eyes*—
" Mark yon circumference ere it flies !
" You see the gas within is brighter
" And being *twenty-one times* lighter
" Than"—But a loud shout interposes,
And with "*She mounts*" the harangue closes.
" Huzza ! huzza !" tongues, hands and eyes,
Shout, clap, and strain to see it rise—
All tiptoe stand—" Up ! up, Balloon !"
But ah ! it stops this side the moon.

“ Friends you can homeward take your way !

“ The balloon—*don't ascend to-day.*”

N. B. The above lines have already appeared in the *Evening Post* ; as have also many of the small pieces in this volume, in different papers, over different signatures.

TO THE READER.

So, friend, I have finish'd ('tis yours to judge
how)

A labour of childhood—a mere plaything now
And thus I'm consol'd, should you laugh at my
rhymes,

They're what I've laugh'd at myself, *many times*
I wrote them, as good Robert Burns wrote
“for fun”—

Not designing the printer should know what I
done;

But urg'd by a *hand* that could urge me alone
A hand that to many a poet is known—

I've turn'd out this book from my garret
room,

And, perchance, among strangers to sigh for my
home.

I own it the offspring—though turn'd from my
care—

Of my first boyish amours with Poetry fair.

Now, since *thus* I've commenc'd, I can never
rest here;

Tho' critics by *silence* are worse than *severe*.

For *myself* have I written ; but soon for *your*
sake

A trip to the regions of Fancy I'll take.

And though now you disprove me, I'm vastly
your debtor,

If on my return you'll not think of me better.

For the present, adieu !—But yet, ere I depart,

You, who soundness of head join to goodness of
heart,

Of you, I would ask, that you kindly will look
On the faults which pervade my adventurous
book.

Not that, vile *want of candour* from you I've to
fear ;

But that what *you* declare, *I* am bound to re-
vere.

And, ye Fair-ones, who this little wanderer may
scan,

In judging its parent, be kind as you can !

For nothing's severer than censure from you,

Or sweeter than praise where the honey is *due*.

But ye, that a high self-conceit cannot tame,

Seek books but to cavil, and read but to blame ;

Who would pass twenty merits to carp at one
flaw,

Condemn me, or laud me—*I care not a straw*.

You, also, who cannot conceive, in your town,
That a *poet* is living who did not *rain down*,
Who have seen *me* and known me, and therefore
make free

To condemn what I write—because—written by
me:

Who judge by the person and not by the pen,
While, Name, Foreign, Marvel, enrapture your
ken—

This favour, this only, I ask at your hand,
To censure no passage you don't understand ;
But leave it till wiser ones fill up *one* blank ;
While for hiding *another* their pains you may
thank.

You, lastly, with souls nurs'd by Honour and
Truth !

Who were mates of my childhood—are friends
of my youth—

And you, who by Nature are bound to this
heart—

And you, who the sunshine of kindness impart—
And tho' last, not least dear, you whose mem'ry
I store—

Whose years are not manhood's, whose friend
ship is more,

*Oh ! you, I am sure will award to my lays,
In a tear of affection, the cordial of praise.*



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